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THE FISHERMAN'S SUMMONS.

The sea is calling, calling.
 Wife, is there a log to spare?
 Fling it down on the hearth and call them in,
 The boys and girls with their merry din,
 I am loth to leave you all just yet,
 In the light and the noise I might forget,
 The voice in the evening air.
 The sea is calling, calling,
 Along the hollow shore.
 I know each nook in the rocky strand,
 And the crimson weeds on the golden sand,
 And the worn old cliff where the sea-pinks
 cling,
 And the winding caves where the echoes ring.
 I shall wake them never more.

How it keeps calling, calling,
 It is never a night to sail.
 I saw the "sea-dog" over the height,
 As I strained through the haze my failing
 sight,
 And the cottage creaks and rocks, well nigh,
 As the old "Fox" did in the days gone by,
 In the moan of the rising gale.

Yet it is calling, calling.
 It is hard on a soul I say
 To go fluttering out in the cold and the dark,
 Like the bird they tell us of, from the ark;
 While the foam flies thick on the bitter blast,
 And the angry waves roll fierce and fast,
 Where the black buoy marks the bay.

Do you hear it calling, calling?
 And yet, I am none so old.
 At the herring fishery, but last year,
 No boat beat mine for tackle and gear,
 And I steered the coble past the reef,
 When the broad sail shook like a withered
 leaf,
 And the rudder chafed my hold.

Will it never stop calling, calling?
 Can't you sing a song by the hearth.
 A heartsome stave of a merry glass,
 Or a gallant fight, or a bonnie lass,
 Don't you care for your grand-dad just so
 much,
 Come near then, give me a hand to touch,
 Still warm with the warmth of earth.

You hear it calling, calling?
 Ask her why she sits and cries.
 She always did when the sea was up,
 She would fret, and never take bit or sup
 When I and the lads were out at night,
 And she saw the breakers cresting white
 Beneath the low black skies.

But, then, in its calling, calling,
 No summons to soul was sent.
 Now — well, fetch the parson, find the book,
 It is up on the shelf there if you look,
 The sea has been friend, and fire, and bread;
 Put me, where it will tell of me, lying dead,
 How It called, and I rose and went.

All The Year Round.

GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye, it is the sweetest blessing
 That falls from mortal lips on mortal ear,
 The weakness of our human love confessing,
 The promise that a love more strong is near —
 May God be with you!

Why do we say it when the tears are starting?
 Why must a word so sweet bring only pain?
 Our love seems all-sufficient till the parting,
 And then we feel it impotent and vain —
 May God be with you!

Oh, may He guide and bless and keep you
 ever,
 He who is strong to battle with your foes;
 Whoever fails, His love can fail you never,
 And all your need He in His wisdom
 knows —
 May God be with you!

Better than earthly presence, e'en the dearest,
 Is the great blessing that our partings bring;
 For in the loneliest moments God is nearest,
 And from our sorrows heavenly comforts
 spring,
 If God be with us.

Good-bye, good-bye, with latest breath we
 say it,
 A legacy of hope, and faith, and love;
 Parting must come, we cannot long delay it,
 But, one in Him, we hope to meet above,
 If God be with us.

Good-bye — 'tis all we have for one another,
 Our love, more strong than death, is help-
 less still,
 For none can take the burden from his brother,
 Or shield, except by prayer, from any ill —
 May God be with you!

Sunday Magazine.

J. BESEMERES.

THE BROOK RHINE.

SMALL current of the wilds afar from men,
 Changing and sudden as a baby's mood;
 Now a green babbling rivulet in the wood,
 Now loitering broad and shallow through the
 glen,
 Or threading mid the naked shoals, and then
 Battling against the stones, half mist, half
 flood,
 Betwixt the mountains where the storm-
 clouds brood;
 And each change but to wake or sleep again;
 Pass on, young stream, the world has need
 of thee:
 Far hence a mighty river on its breast
 Bears the deep-laden vessels to the sea,
 Far hence wide waters feed the vines and
 corn:
 Pass on, small stream, to so great purpose
 born,
 On to the distant toil, the distant rest.
 Good Words. AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
OUR FIRST GREAT NOVELIST.

HENRY FIELDING, for he it is upon whom we place the distinction of being England's first great novelist, has for a century past been the constant subject of criticism. His surpassing merits have compelled even his most pronounced foes to assign him a lofty place in the art which he adorned. Attempts to depreciate his genius, because the moral backbone was lacking in some of his characters, have been repeatedly made, but with no permanent effect upon his renown. For ourselves, we affirm at the outset that we consider him the Shakespeare of novelists. By this, of course, it will be understood, we do not imply that the sum of his genius was in any way comparable to that of the illustrious dramatist; but that he achieved his results in the same way. He was the great artist in fiction because he was the great observer and interpreter of human nature. The novel will never be able to assume a position of equal importance with the drama, because of its comparative defectiveness of construction. But to such perfection as it is capable of being brought, Fielding almost attained. It is, then, for the reason of the similarity of his method to that of Shakespeare that we have ventured to award him the highest title of eminence. It will be our endeavour, while not hiding his defects, to set forth the grounds of justification for the position we have assumed.

With that perversity which only men of the same class or profession can exhibit towards each other, it was the fashion with literary men of Fielding's time — and indeed for many years subsequently — to compare him unfavourably with his rival, Richardson. It is singular how frequently individuals of professed literary acumen are willing to accept the *dicta* of others in matters of criticism. We are only just now losing the effects of this empiricism. Some unfortunate epigram, or some warped and fantastic judgment, has frequently been passed upon an author by those who were supposed to be competent judges, and the depreciatory observations have had the same effect upon

the public mind as that of the pebble cast into the pool. The waters have been agitated and disturbed by ever-widening circles of discontent, even to their utmost limits. Much laborious effort has been required to exorcise the prejudice thus established; and it is just this power which a wrong judgment possesses over the minds of men in an equivalent degree with a right one, which makes criticism dangerous. In the hands of an incapable person it is an engine of incalculable mischief. And the fact that now and then this engine destroys its foolish owner is no satisfaction for the wrong done to men of undoubted genius. The self-righting power of criticism certainly moves slowly. We are somewhat diffident, for example, when we find it necessary to differ strongly from such authorities as Dr. Johnson; or at any rate should unquestionably have been so had we been amongst his contemporaries. Now that we are out of the reach of his terrible voice and his overbearing demeanour, and regarding him thus from a safe distance, we do not find it so difficult to designate his capacity for judging in literary matters as often shallow and pretentious. Most people admit that his view of Milton is far from a just and worthy one of that sublime poet. He lacked the balance of mind, the intellectual equipoise, which is the foundation of the critical faculty. Consequently, with the lapse of time, his reputation in this respect will crumble away. Even the obsequious Boswell has ventured to insinuate that at times Johnson was so swayed by his feelings that, when making comparisons between writers, he very often contradicts his intellect by his affection; and, while saying the utmost he could of the inferior qualities of his personal favourite, ignored those which were superior in the person with whom he was ranged in comparison. Some such treatment as this was meted out to Fielding when he placed him in juxtaposition with Richardson. Let us reproduce his criticism. "Sir," said he, in that pompous manner in which we can fancy the burly old Doctor was wont to settle the affairs of men and mundane

concerns generally, "there is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners; and *there* is the difference between the characters of Fielding and those of Richardson. Characters of manners are very entertaining; but they are to be understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart." There is very little in this beyond saying that there is a great deal of difference between things which differ. Yet it is the kind of criticism which bears a deceptive sound with it, and acquires a reputation far in excess of its value, as being an expression of great apparent profundity. We shall hope to show that in his attribution of the one method to Fielding and the other to Richardson, Dr. Johnson came to an erroneous conclusion. For the present his observations lend some force to what has gone before, and it is an undoubted fact that the weakness of Fielding's moral character had much to do with Johnson's estimate of him. The formidable lexicographer was of that class of men who are almost prepared to find fault with the sun because of the spots upon his surface.

Horace Walpole was another of the critics who appear to have been either blinded by envy or unable to detect the effects of true genius, for we find that he was amongst the earliest detractors of Fielding—a prominent member of the school of depreciators which endeavoured to humble him in the eyes of his contemporaries. It is pleasant, however, to think that some who bear great names have expressed the most unqualified admiration for the novels of our author, and the opinion of one really master mind outweighs that of a hundred Walpoles. Byron gave it as his belief that "Fielding was the prose Homer of human nature;" the far-seeing Goethe was delighted with his art; and Gibbon demonstrated his literary sagacity by the following eloquent eulogium:—"Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh, the lineal descend-

ants of Eltrico, in the seventh century Dukes of Alsace. Far different have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the family of Hapsburgh; the former, the knights and sheriffs of Leicestershire, have slowly risen to the dignity of a peerage; the latter, the Emperors of Germany and Kings Spain, have threatened the liberties of the Old, and invaded the treasures of the New World. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England; but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial, and the Imperial Eagle of Austria." Orate as is Gibbon's language it yet contains a judgment upon Fielding which has been in gradual process of verification since the words were written. Most of those who have dispassionately considered Fielding's works, and compared them with the works of his contemporaries and successors, will arrive at a conclusion much nearer that expressed by Gibbon than that of the detractor, Horace Walpole. Of course, an argument which we have previously used for another purpose, may possibly be inverted and turned against ourselves. It may be replied that after all criticism is only the opinion of one man, though it is often acted upon by the multitude: and that judgments upon literary works attain an inordinate influence when delivered by individuals of acknowledged reputation. Supposing this were to some extent true, every single reader has the opportunity of righting the matter so far as he is personally concerned. But what we do find valuable about the art of criticism, notwithstanding its numerous and manifest imperfections, is this, that it not unfrequently results in the deposition of much that is unworthy, and in the exaltation of some works which have been threatened with an undeserved obscurity. The critic is really nothing more than a leader of men; he is supposed to have the capacity of leading in the right way, and when it is found that there is no light in him, and he is incapable of perceiving eternal Truth, we should withdraw ourselves from his guidance. We say, then, that

while it is necessary for a man's self-culture and intellectual independence that he should not accept off hand the opinions of any critic, however eminent, in the bulk and without scrutiny, yet when judgments come to us stamped with the names of those who have devoted themselves to the art of criticism, they should at any rate receive candid, if searching, investigation. The destruction of the empiricism of the critic need not involve the destruction of the eclecticism of the art. It must come to us as a friendly guide, and not as a tyrant. Our own opinion of Fielding stands very little short of the most eulogistic which has been expressed concerning him; but we trust we have arrived at it out of no slavish regard for other minds.

A glance at the novelist's life is almost a necessity, for it elucidates many points in connection with his works which would otherwise be obscure. There has probably been no instance where the impress of the author's character has been more perceptible upon his writings than that of Fielding. Some of his novels confessedly contain passages from his own life, with very little variation of detail. It will have been perceived by the quotation from Gibbon that Fielding was of illustrious descent, but the wealth of the family must have flowed into another channel, for he got none or little of it. He was born on the 22nd of April, 1707, at Sharpsham Park, near Glastonbury. His father was a distinguished soldier, having served with Marlborough at Blenheim, and at length obtained the rank of Lieutenant-general. Besides being grandson of an Earl of Denbigh, this warrior was related to other noble families. The mother of Fielding was a daughter of Judge Gold, one of whose immediate descendants was also a baron of the Exchequer. Posterity may thus rest satisfied with the novelist's birth. Fielding, however, was not the only one of his family who appears to have been talented in literature. One of his sisters wrote a romance entitled "David Simple," and was also the author of numerous letters, which, with the story, earned the encomiums of her brother. We cannot, of course, now say to what

extent she may have been indebted to him in regard to these compositions. There is every reason to believe that he was most accessible to advice and sympathy, whilst his affection for his relatives was deep and sincere. This—in addition to a warm affection for children—is one of the redeeming traits in a character that was subsequently marred by many imperfections. Having received the earlier part of his education at home, from the Rev. Mr. Oliver, his private tutor—who is supposed to have been laid under contribution as the original of Parson Trulliber—Fielding was sent to Eton, where he became intimate with Fox, Lord Lyttelton, Pitt, and others, who afterwards acquired celebrity with himself, and at various crises in his history sustained towards him the part of real friendship. Unlike many literary men, whose scholastic career has been rather a *fiasco* than otherwise, Fielding was most successful in his acquisition of knowledge, and when only sixteen years of age was acknowledged by his masters to possess a very sound acquaintance with all the leading Greek and Latin writers. Traces of this linguistic proficiency are again and again beheld in his novels. From Eton he went to the University of Leyden, where he immediately entered upon still wider and more liberal studies; but at the threshold of his life the demon of misfortune which seems to have dogged his footsteps all through his career found him out. His university career closed prematurely, for his father, General Fielding, had married again, and having now two large families to keep out of a small income, discovered that his original intention with regard to his son must be abandoned. This could not have been a pleasant intimation to a youth of twenty, who had just begun to feel the expansion of his faculties, and doubtless to be conscious that his future "might copy his fair past" as regards the accumulation of the stores of knowledge. Whatever laxity of mind overtook him in after life, the earlier years of Fielding show him to have been enamoured of learning, and in no wise averse to its routine. His spirit was keen and eager, and

though at twenty years of age he was somewhat given to pleasure, he at the same time was always desirous to excel, and never allowed his recreations and amusements to bar his intellectual progress.

Undismayed, however, by this rebuff of fortune, Fielding returned to London with comparatively little depression of spirits, and even this entirely cleared off as soon as he began to mingle in the society of the metropolis. It was here, as we shall presently see, that greater dangers afterwards attended him, which he was less able to withstand than the assaults of adversity. Fielding was especially distinguished for all those gifts which make a man the darling of the circle in which he moves: and accordingly we learn that in a very few months after his settlement in London he was an established favourite of its great literary and dramatic lions, Lyttleton and Garrick amongst the number. Under the auspices of the latter he speedily commenced writing for the stage, and at the age of twenty, as Mr. Roscoe tells us in his excellent life of the novelist, produced his first comedy of "Love in several Masques." We shall postpone what comments we have to make upon this and Fielding's other works till the close of our remarks on his personal history. Necessity compelled him to turn to the writing of comedies, for though he was supposed to be enjoying an allowance of some 200*l.* per annum, he made a joke about this income to the effect that it was a sum which really anybody might pay who would. At this juncture some of our most brilliant wits were writing for the stage, so that the young author might be pardoned for the degree of nervousness he felt on entering upon the same career. Indeed, although his genius was not naturally that of the dramatist, the probability is that what aptitude he really possessed for it was somewhat cramped by the circumstances in which he was placed, and the diffidence with which he undertook a profession that at the time enjoyed two of its keenest and wittiest ornaments. It appears, nevertheless, that the comedy already mentioned, and his second one of "The Temple Beau," were well received, though his success was by no means proportioned to his increasing embarrassments. That his efforts at comedy were well appreciated is testified to by Lord Lyttleton's assertion, when some one was alluding to the wits of the age, that "Harry Fielding had more wit

and humour than all the persons they had been speaking of put together." This language seems to have been concurred in by others who were continually looking out for some new thing in that age of wit and humour. Fielding must have worked with great rapidity, for during the nine seasons in which he wrote for the stage, and before he attained his thirtieth year, he had written no fewer than eighteen pieces, reckoning both plays and farces.

It was in the midst of his unsatisfactory career in connection with the stage — unsatisfactory because of its restlessness and its recklessness — that an event occurred which promised to change the whole tenor of his life forever; and had Fielding been as strong in his will as he was in the perception of what is right, we should now probably have been able to write him in different characters. In his twenty-seventh year he fell in love with a young lady named Cradock, residing at Salisbury. She was possessed of both beauty and accomplishments, but her fortune was small. Fielding, however, never hesitated in the pursuit of an object wherein his heart was deeply enlisted, and accordingly he married Miss Cradock with her small fortune of fifteen hundred pounds. The old, old passion had thus again its good old way. Shortly after his marriage his mother died, and Fielding became possessed of a little estate in Dorsetshire, worth some two hundred a year. Hither he bore his bride, and made many resolves to lead the life of a model country gentleman. But with all his affection for his wife — and it was genuine and sincere — he was led by the example of others into great extravagance. Setting up his coach, and living as though he could make one pound do duty for a hundred, it can evoke no surprise that at the end of three years he discovered all his patrimony to be gone, and found himself faced by the terrible spectre of absolute poverty which he himself had raised. It is held by many that genius should never be tried by the ordinary standpoints of thrift and virtue. This is a position to which we can give no kind of countenance; but what we may look at with regard to Fielding, as some mitigation for his conduct at this period, are those social qualities for which he was so famous. Though they ultimately proved his pecuniary ruin, they were marked by a generosity which cannot but breed in us a pity for the man himself. The delights of society were

more than he could bear; he entered into them with a zest which completely overmastered his *aplomb*, and for the time being made him their slave. So far this was unquestionably bad; but his case must not be confounded with that of the essentially vicious, with the man who never had Fielding's lofty appreciation for the good, and never even felt the most spasmodic striving after an ideal. To the one we can extend our unfeigned sympathy, to the other only our unmitigated abhorrence. As the sequel to the difficulties which overtook Fielding, he was compelled to resume the study of the law, which he had at one time hoped to abandon forever. Entering himself at the age of thirty as a student of the Inner Temple, he at once began to work with a will, in order to recover himself from his embarrassments. His devotion to his studies was most praiseworthy, and, as he had great natural shrewdness, there is every reason to believe that in the legal profession he would have been most successful. But one cause or another continually interrupted him, and whatever he undertook through life seems to have met with a premature ending. For his failure, however, ultimately to earn distinction at the bar, he was himself in the first instance responsible. He was not only called, but assiduously went the Western circuit for two or three years, though briefs appear to have been very scanty with him. Suddenly, and in consequence of an intimation that he proposed issuing a work upon law, his practice increased immensely, but only, we are told, to decline again as rapidly. Meanwhile physical retribution began to overtake him for the convivial years he had spent in London society; he was seized with gout, in addition to which, his constitution was much weakened and enfeebled; though in justice it must be said that late hours of study, with literary work executed under great pressure, acted as additional causes in the general break-up of his system. The upshot of it all was that after ceasing the active exercise of his profession, and writing two large volumes (a "Digest of the Statutes at Large"), which remained for many years unpublished, he finally quitted the bar, and returned to literary pursuits. As might be expected from the nature of his talents, he contributed for a time most successfully to periodical literature. But a period of great distress quickly came upon him. With failing health, which interfered somewhat with the operations of his brilliant intellect,

his mind was still further racked with the consciousness that his wife and family were entirely dependent upon his exertions. Heroic he undoubtedly was under difficulties, but there are some odds against which men cannot possibly contend. Note, nevertheless, how the true spirit of the man shone through all the darkness which surrounded him at this trying moment. His biographers, one and all, bear testimony to the native strength of his mind. We are assured that "when under the most discouraging circumstances—the loss of comparative fortune, of health, of the fruits of years of successful toil; his body lacerated by the acutest pains, and with a family looking up to him for immediate support—he was still capable, with a degree of fortitude almost unexampled, to produce, as it were, *extempore*, a play, a farce, a pamphlet, or a newspaper. Nay, like Cervantes, whom he most resembled both in wit and genius, he could jest upon his misfortunes, and make his own sufferings a source of entertainment to the rest of the world." He did, in fact, at this precise period, and in the darkest hour of his misery, indite a rhyming letter to Sir Robert Walpole, with himself and his position for its subject; which is full of the most humorous allusions. One cannot help thinking, while reading this incident, of the much later humourist of our own time, Hood, whose experience was almost its counterpart, with the exception of the difference in the cause of Hood's suffering, a naturally frail constitution being the sole reason of his bodily decay. Fielding was now writing because, as he expressed it, "he had no choice but to be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman." This was the man who had been the pride of London fashionables, who had doubtless kept a hundred tables in a roar, and whose very enjoyment of life for its own sake was so keen as to cause Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (his second cousin) to say in comparing him with Steele, that "he ought to go on living forever." When writing for the stage, Fielding was frequently obliged to pass off work which did not satisfy his critical judgment. For this he was now and then remonstrated with by Garrick, and he once replied that the public were too stupid to find out where he failed. The consensus of the pit, however, is tolerably keen, and when the audience began on this occasion to hiss the weak part of the comedy Fielding was astonished, exclaiming, "They have found it out, have

they?" An anecdote characteristic both of the man and his times is told of the novelist which affords a clue to some of his pecuniary difficulties, though it is a credit to his generosity. It appears that some parochial taxes had long remained unpaid by Fielding, a fact which need not greatly surprise us. At length the collector—as tax-collectors always will—became rather threatening in his aspect, and Fielding went off to Dr. Johnson, that friend-in-need of the impecunious, to obtain the necessary sum of money by a literary mortgage. He was returning when he met with an old college friend who was in even greater difficulties than himself. He took him to dinner at a neighbouring tavern, and emptied the contents of his pockets into his hands. Being informed on returning home that the collector had twice called on him for the amount, Fielding replied, "Friendship has called for the money, and had it; let the collector call again." Other anecdotes could be cited illustrating the *bonhomie* and natural benevolence of the novelist's character.

It was during the period in which Fielding was most busily employed upon his literary ventures that he married a second time (having lost a few years before the lady to whom it has been seen he was devotedly attached); and we now find him bending to his work with redoubled energy. But all his assiduity was in vain, and he was compelled to announce with regret that he could no longer continue the publication of "The Covent Garden Journal"—a paper he was then editing. The mental and physical strain had been too severe, and there were now added to his other ailments the alarming symptoms of dropsy. The only hope held out by his physician for the prolongation of his life was that he should go abroad; and this, upon the earnest solicitations of his friends, Fielding consented to do. Portugal having been recommended, he tore himself from his wife and children, and set sail for Lisbon on the 26th of June, 1754.

At this juncture, noting that Fielding makes his references to the matter in the introduction to his "Voyage," we may allude to him in another capacity, one in which the literary man has seldom an opportunity of exhibiting himself. In 1748 he had been appointed Justice of the Peace for Westminster and Middlesex, an office which, as we learn, was then paid by fees, and was very laborious, without being particularly reputable. As

affording some idea of the nature of the work which fell to the accomplished Justice, we may recapitulate certain facts narrated by himself. While preparing for a journey to Bath, which it was hoped would result in his restoration to health, there was placed upon his shoulders no enviable piece of work. When nigh fatigued to death by reason of several long examinations relating to five different murders committed by gangs of street robbers, he received a message from the Duke of Newcastle to wait upon him the next morning upon business of great importance. Though in the utmost distress he attended, and found that what was desired of him was a statement of the best plan he could devise for the suppression of robberies and murders in the streets, offences which had become alarmingly common. Fielding submitted a plan that was highly approved of by the Duke, who promised to lay it before the Privy Council. All the terms of the proposal were complied with, one of the principal being the depositing of 600*l.* in its author's hands. At this small pecuniary charge he undertook to demolish the gangs complained of, and also to put civil order in such a state of security that it should be thenceforth impossible for these gangs to enrol themselves in bodies and pursue their nefarious occupations. It is interesting to note, as demonstrating Fielding's executive ability in his new post, that in a few weeks the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely dispersed. But the occupation of Justice was anything save a pleasant one, whilst its remuneration was paltry in the extreme. Fielding himself says that by refusing to make the most of his position, by composing instead of inflaming the quarrels of porters and beggars, by not plundering the public or the poor, and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who would most undoubtedly not have had another left, he had reduced "an income of about 500*l.* a year of the dirtiest money upon earth to little more than 300*l.*," a considerable portion of which remained with his clerk. It was acknowledged on all hands that Fielding made an excellent justice, and it is moreover affirmed that his charge to the grand jury, delivered at Westminster on the 29th of June, 1749, is to be regarded, for that time, as a very able and valuable state paper. It was most lucid and searching, as were certain legal investigations which he subsequently made. Furthermore, it may be noted that in a "Proposal for the Main-

tenance of the Poor," of which he was the author, Fielding was the first to make the recommendation of a country workhouse, in which the different objects of industry and reformation might be united. The paper also contained numerous suggestions creditable to Fielding's magisterial sagacity, some of which have since been carried into effect. Altogether he appears to have justified the high eulogium passed upon him in the capacity of Justice of the Peace.

The journey to Lisbon was of no avail for the novelist; his poor, shattered constitution had already failed beyond hope of recovery; in fact, it is stated that he was a dying man when he reached the port. He lingered, however, for two months after his arrival, in great suffering, and at length died in the Portuguese capital on the 8th of October, 1754, being then only in his forty-eighth year. It is not too much to say that in that brief span of life Fielding had exhausted both the mental and physical energy of the seventy years allotted to humanity; and when we consider the wearing and excited existence he led in the metropolis, it is almost marvellous that he should have been able to accomplish so much intellectual labour. There is something touching in the fate which compels a man whose genius was so native to the soil of England, to die in a foreign land, away not only from those he loved, but from the scene of his literary triumphs. The last tribute of respect paid to the novelist emanated from the Chevalier de Meyrionnet, French Consul at Lisbon, who not only undertook his interment, but followed his remains to the grave, and celebrated the talents of the deceased in an epitaph. The people of the English Factory in the city also erected a monument to him. In Fielding's absence from England, he was not forgotten by his friend Mr. Allen, who, after his death, educated his children, and bestowed pensions, both upon them and their widowed mother. This Mr. Allen was the original of one of Fielding's best and most satisfactory characters.

The title of honour which we have accorded to our author at the outset may seem to need some justification when it is remembered that Defoe and Richardson were writers at and before the same period, and had produced novels anterior to those of Fielding. Defoe, however, can scarcely be treated as the ordinary novelist, or put into competition with the race of writers of fiction: he

was rather the fierce polemic and satiric author. In the fictitious element he was, of course, remarkably strong; his art was undoubtedly good, but it was the art of the inventor, and not the narrator. Crusoe was a real creation, but not in the same sense as Tom Jones. He was a greater effort of the imagination, and excites the faculty of wonder in us accordingly to a greater degree; but while Tom Jones was not a being of such strange singularity as Crusoe, he became so realizable to the rest of humanity that his conception must be deemed more admirable from the novelist's point of view. Then, again, Defoe seems to let it be understood, from the general drift of his writings, that he meant them to have a personal interest, that they were to be saturated by his own individuality, that his scorn, his anger, his sorrow, were to shine through them. His energy, his irrepressibility, his misery, all combined to make him one of the strongest writers of his age; but he must yield the palm to Fielding in the art of novel writing. The latter had individuality too, but it was individuality of a higher stamp than Defoe's. It selected human beings not from the imagination, but from the species itself, and the types are as unmistakably real, and more true, though not so astounding in conception to the general consciousness.

With regard to Richardson, though, as we have said, it was the fashion at one time to extol him as the superior of Fielding, this is a position which has now been abandoned by the best critics. The man in possession has necessarily always the advantage of the man who is desirous to succeed him, and Fielding, having written one novel in imitation of his predecessor, had to struggle for some time against that fact, which was continually hurled against him. Richardson was evidently a man of high moral principle; indeed, he always strikes us as a perfect compendium of innocence and the virtues. We are willing not to see in him what others have seen, merely the priggish moralist, but he comes terribly near earning that character. Yet let us not be unjust to him. His "Pamela" is a very original work, and its author deserves no small meed of praise for daring to make it a pure one in an age so strikingly celebrated for vice. But the fact that Richardson commenced to write at fifty years of age, precludes the idea of his having possessed lofty creative genius: talent may slumber, as in his

case, but genius never. In some respects, "Clarissa" is a stronger novel than the one which preceded it, but here again it is difficult to avoid the idea that we are in church, listening to the homilies of the clergyman. The spiritual psychologist is at work again; he is flinging his code of morals at us on every page. We could admire the strength of his virtuous characters without the endless panegyrics upon morals to which we are treated, but we implore in vain. The strings of conscience were what Richardson desired to lay hold upon, and to do this he thought it necessary to follow both virtue and vice from their very inception, and to write as it were their autobiography. How powerfully he has done this let his characters of *Clarissa* and *Lovelace* testify. But the permanent impression remaining is that, in spite of his acknowledged power and Puritanical tendencies, he is not one who loves his fellow-men so much as one who would wish to see them made better by the rigid exercise of those virtues to the exposition of which he has devoted his talents. Courage, talent, purity, all these Richardson exhibits, but little genius.

How greatly dissimilar to him was Fielding! Inheriting the frailties of humanity, and feeling himself bound up with its joys and sorrows, he was gifted with a mind incredibly rich in resource. Richardson had some of the weaker elements of woman's nature mingled with his own, but Fielding had its real tenderness, its compassion. Tripped up repeatedly by his follies, his nature never hardened; he was the same genial spirit as ever. Betwixt the chariot of excess and the stool of repentance a great portion of his time seems to have been passed. He had the voice of mirth for those who wished to rejoice, and the tears of sympathy for those who were called upon to suffer. He flung no sermons at the head of men and women overtaken in their sins, though he never wrote one book wherein he failed to let it be gathered that he honoured virtue and scourged vice. He was not the kind of man to be the favourite of Richardson. More magnanimous than the latter, though not so severe in his morality, his knowledge of humanity was at once wider and deeper, and he could gauge it to its greatest depths. His invention and his naturalness were far superior to those of Richardson. His mind was more plastic, his wit keener, his intellect altogether of a superior order. He had, in

one word, what Richardson lacked, genius. In his boyhood the marvellous gift began to develop itself, and in after years it achieved its greatest results with the apparent ease by which the operations of genius are often attended. In Richardson there burned the lambent flame which neither surprises nor destroys; in Fielding there was the veritable lightning of soul. These, then, are some of the reasons why we have assigned to Fielding the right to be considered our first great novelist: but others will be apparent as we proceed.

It is fair to assume that, to a very large extent, those works which attain the widest celebrity must be national in their character—that is, must bear an unmistakable impress of the national genius upon them. See how that is borne out. Shakespeare, Bunyan, and Fielding in England, Goethe in Germany, Voltaire in France, have each produced individual works in their various languages which have acquired world-wide celebrity. And are not all those works imbued with national characteristics? Do we not find the strength, and at the same time the singular mobility and elasticity of the English mind developed in the writings of the three authors whom we have named? Are not the speculative thought and transcendentalism of Germany adequately embodied in Goethe? Does not Voltaire sum up in himself the force, the point, the fickleness, and the scepticism, which lie at the core of the French character? An English Voltaire, or a French Goethe, is a sheer impossibility. We feel it to be so in the very nature of things. And with respect to Fielding, he has taken root in foreign soil because of his distinctively national character, and yet, at the same time, cosmopolitan genius, as genius in its highest form must always be. We have no writer to whom we can point who excels Fielding in the art of setting out his characters by means of strong, broad lights and shadows. The drawing is masterly and accurate. And nothing deters him from telling the whole truth. He is full of a sublime candour. His narrative is no mere record of events, but personal history of the most effective description. Whoever comes in the way of his pencil must submit to the most rigorous and unflinching representation. However great, rich, or powerful, he will be drawn exactly as he is—himself, the veritable man, or, as Cromwell wished to be limned, with the warts on his face.

We are getting, through these observations, to the secret of the success of "Tom Jones." It is marked by the characteristics to which we have been referring, and all the world has acknowledged the truthfulness of the work. Where is the novel in existence which has reached so many corners of society?

As it is considered, and with reason, its author's masterpiece, we may well devote some space to its examination. Notwithstanding its vast popularity, it is regarded in two lights by opposing classes of readers. The first, those who are overcome by its wonderful power, have no eye for blemishes; the second, those who are afraid of seeing plain truths stated in a plain way, and men and women represented with their masks off, have nothing for it but terms of reproach, on the ground of what they call its indecency. With the exception of certain phrases which are redolent of the period at which Fielding wrote, it is one of the purest books in our literature. Pure, we affirm, in its general tendency; and surely that is the way in which any work should be regarded. If we adopt the objectionable principle of selecting words and phrases which are obnoxious to the sensitive ear, and from them forming an adverse opinion, what will become of some of the finest effusions of Chaucer and Shakespeare, whom these same purists doubtless cherish most closely? We are inclined to agree with the distinguished critic who asserted that the man who read "Tom Jones" and declared it an essentially evil book, must be already corrupt. Of course, to the evil, there is a ministry of evil, which can find sustenance everywhere, turning even good so that it may become food for their debased natures. But to a really healthy nature we can conceive no ill accruing from an acquaintance with this novel. It is but fair, however, in a matter upon which there is some difference of opinion, to hear the author himself speak before delivering judgment. In dedicating "Tom Jones" to Lord Lyttelton, Fielding trusts that he will find in it nothing whatever that is prejudicial to religion and virtue; nothing inconsistent with the strictest rules of decency, or which would offend the chastest eye. It was obvious that the author had little fear that he would be charged with indecency, and he goes on to declare that goodness and innocence had been his sincere endeavour in writing the history. Further, besides painting virtue in the best colours at

his command, he was anxious to convince men that their true interests lay in the pursuit of her. What more exalted end could an author have in his work than this? and we are bound to affirm that, read in the right spirit, the novel has fulfilled its writer's original intention. He has no scruple in laughing men out of their follies and meanesses, for he is a satirist as well as a romancist. But throughout the work he has done nothing contrary to the rules which a great artist is bound to follow. The book is indeed full of overwhelming excellences in this respect of art. Look how each character is painted in! There is no scamping with the humblest individual honoured by reproduction on the canvas. The same truthfulness to life, which we find in the portraits of Mr. Allworthy and Sophia Weston we find in the depiction of a maid or a man-servant at an inn. With the enthusiasm which is as necessary to art as is the air we breathe to humanity, he labours at the minutest details till he brings all to perfection. Then the story appears rounded and complete, with no patchwork to mar its artistic effect. Dr. Warburton gave expression to our novelist's merits in this regard excellently when he said: "Monsieur de Marivaux, in France, and Mr. Fielding in England, stand the foremost among those who have given a faithful and chaste copy of life and manners; and by enriching their romance with the best part of the comic art, may be said to have brought it to perfection."

M. Taine, whose criticism may too often be described as the sound of "a rushing mighty wind," never exhibited his faults and his excellences more strikingly than he does in his observations upon Fielding. Nearly always vigorous, and endowed with a jerky, but oftentimes an admirably epigrammatic, force, the French critic is now and then erratic in his judgments. His eye travels faster than his mind. He perceives, and writes what he perceives before he has given full time for reflection. For instance, he says in describing Fielding: "You are only aware of the impetuosity of the senses, the upwelling of the blood, the effusion of tenderness, but not of the nervous exaltation and poetic rapture. Man, such as you conceive him, is a good buffalo; and perhaps he is the hero required by a people which is itself called John Bull." This is a smart use of a synonym, but one incorrect both as regards what the individual novelist supplies, and

what the nation demands. The whole gist of M. Taine's complaint against Fielding is that he wants refinement. "In this abundant harvest with which you fill your arms, you have forgotten the flowers." But Fielding is quite as refined as Cervantes, to whom the critic awards the possession of that excellence. Let any one who wishes to be convinced that Fielding possesses refinement read the chapter in "Tom Jones" which gives a description of Sophia. There will be found both the poetry and the grace which M. Taine desires. But the critic has misrepresented Fielding in other respects. Not only has he declared the author to be without natural refinement, but he has denied it to all his characters. After the lapse of more than a hundred years, the character of Sophia Western stands forth one of the purest, sweetest, and most attractive in literature. We seem to see the very bloom of health upon her cheek, a bloom only equalled by the perfections of her mind — not so much intellectual perfections simply as those other virtues and charms which make woman the idol of man. Compare this character with those which crowd too many of the novels of the present day. How absurd are the latter as living representations, and stiff as wooden puppets in the hands of their literary parents! Tinged with false sentiments, lacking in real femininity, they form as great a contrast as could be imagined to the true woman we find depicted in Sophia Western: —

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.

This dainty conceit of Dr. Donne's exactly expresses the most perfect heroine drawn by Fielding. In Jones himself, too, we may discover some traces of that refinement which lifts a man out of the merely animal category. The namby-pamby element was entirely absent from him, and he was in the habit of calling a spade a spade — a habit much in vogue at the time in which his life was fixed. We should join in the verdict delivered by Mr. Allworthy, after he had carefully studied Jones's character — viz., "in balancing his faults with his perfections, the latter seemed rather to preponderate." It must not be forgotten that Fielding never intended to depict a perfect hero; he would have shuddered at the thought. Whilst he "would nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice," he at the same

time never failed to place in full relief — with not a shadow less or more than they deserved — all the characters which he took upon himself to delineate. Remembering this, we feel at once how admirably he fulfilled his task in the picture of Western, the jolly, rollicking squire. Had he softened in any degree the violence, prejudice, passion, and boisterousness attached to this man, its value as a faithful picture of a Somersetshire squire would have been utterly destroyed. He is no worse than Falstaff, and why should we yield to the one conception the merit we deny to the other? But the world has within its keeping all characters which have been truly realized, and will not let them die. There is much of the bull in Western's constitution; and it is meant that there should be, for he is typical. Fielding's power has lain principally in supplying types. Other portraits are drawn in "Tom Jones" (besides those we have named) with remarkable skill. There is Mr. Allworthy, upon whom the author has laboured with affectionate zeal, and who appears as one of the most finished specimens of his class of humanity. He has the generous heart which prompts to benevolent deeds, and the ready hand to carry out what that heart dictates. He is himself a strong protest against the assertion that Fielding takes no thought of virtue as regards its inculcation upon others, for one instinctively feels that he is purposed by the author to be represented as a being worthy of imitation. Precisely the opposite lesson is intended to be taught by the portrait of Bliffl. The villainy of this character is singularly striking, and when the book is closed, the reader will admit that he has followed the fortunes of but few beings who have been rendered more despicable in his eyes. This unredeemed scoundrel, whose meanness is matched only by his cowardice, is flayed alive according to his deserts. And yet the novelist has exercised no prejudice in the matter; he has simply turned the heart inside out, and made its fetid character apparent to the world. There is no artistic bungling, because there has been no attempt to tamper with the character. Fielding has allowed knavery to show itself, just as on the same page he keeps open the way for innocence and virtue.

The genius of Fielding was not strongly developed until the appearance of "Joseph Andrews," which, as is well known, preceded the publication of "Tom Jones." Before the production of his first novel,

the talents of this great wit and humourist seem to have been devoted to the hurried writing of brilliant dramatic and other pieces, which had in them but little positive assurance of a lasting fame. One can well understand, however, what a flutter the launching of "Joseph Andrews" must have caused in London society. The author's leading idea was to write a story in imitation of the style and manner of Cervantes; and it was his intention therein to set forth the folly of affectation, which he regarded as the only true source of the ridiculous. Great vices, he considered, were the proper objects of detestation, and smaller faults of pity; but affectation held its own place aloof from both. Referring to the scope of his work, he has the following remarks: "Perhaps it may be objected to me that I have, against my own rules, introduced vices, and of a very black kind, into this work. To which I shall answer: first, that it is very difficult to pursue a series of human actions, and keep clear from them. Secondly, that the vices to be found here are rather the accidental consequences of some human frailty or foible, than causes habitually existing in the mind. Thirdly, that they are never set forth as the objects of ridicule, but detestation. Fourthly, that they are never the principal figure at that time on the scene; and, lastly, they never produce the intended evil." All which is very sound and true, but it availed him nothing; for did not the leading characters of his novel immediately strike people as strong and pronounced caricatures of those in the novel by Richardson which had just been all the rage? It was in vain for him to assert that he meant to vilify or asperse no one, or to copy characters hitherto conceived, with the addition of considerable burlesque colouring. Richardson himself, on reading through the work, felt what he described as its covert satire keenly, and, it is said, never forgave Fielding for this novel. The closing portion of it was held to put the question of satiric aim beyond doubt, when Fielding makes the lady conduct herself in such a manner that, as one critic observes, "she enacts the beggar on horseback in a very superior manner." Yet, making allowance for whatever element of parody there may be in it, "Joseph Andrews" is a remarkable book for the individuality of its characters. We might search in vain for a more worthy or more vividly drawn personage than Parson Adams. His natural goodness and sim-

licity of heart endear him to us beyond measure, and must mitigate our condemnation of his share in certain scenes which are scarcely seemly to the cloth. This character was evidently a favourite of Fielding's, and in his plea on Adams's behalf to his brother clergymen, for whom, "when they are worthy of their sacred order, no man can possibly have a greater respect," the author says: "They will excuse me, notwithstanding the low adventures in which he is engaged, that I have made him a clergyman; since no office could have given him so many opportunities of displaying his worthy inclinations." Of the originality of Parson Adams there is little to say, for criticism is disarmed; he is perfect in that respect. Many commentators on Fielding have been unable to discover a resemblance of even the faintest character between "Joseph Andrews" and the immortal work of Cervantes. But making allowance for the variation in scenes and incidents, we consider that Fielding's novel displays a great deal of the breadth of treatment pertaining to the Spanish master. It is somewhat similar in conception also, being a mock-heroic narrative, and in it the romance and the apologue are blended in happy proportions. The spirit of Cervantes has been caught, while the author has avoided a professed imitation, and several of the ludicrous catastrophes which occur in the course of the story, give full weight to the assertion that Fielding had in his mind's eye the author of "Don Quixote" when he wrote. The humour of Fielding's history is rich and yet inoffensive; it possesses not the slightest tinge of bitterness, and is distinguished by a remarkable mellowness. Whatever else the work demonstrated, or failed to demonstrate, one thing was clear—it predicted the rising of a humourist of the highest order, and had its authorship been unknown on its first publication, there was but one man to whom the finger of society could point as its literary father. Of "Tom Jones," the second novel written by Fielding (taking them in the order of their appearance), we have already spoken at length.

The third novel from this master-mind of fiction is one to which a peculiar interest attaches. Whilst it is considered to be, in point of talent, inferior to the others, it is noteworthy as being a transcript of a portion of Fielding's family history. We refer to the story of "Amelia." Its fault, as a novel, seems to us to lie in the absence of any supreme in-

terest in the several characters individually. They are not boldly drawn; and the fact that the gold was not of so rich a quality as that previously dug from the same soil, immediately induced the detractors of Fielding to rejoice over the supposed decay of his powers. They forgot, in their spite, that Shakespeare only produced one "Hamlet," and that if Fielding had written no other work but his crowning novel, that alone had ensured him his place amongst the gods. But, in truth, while "Amelia" is not by any means equal to its predecessors, it exhibits many graces of style, and its pathos is deep and true. The style is not so strong nor the humour so ceaseless, so abundant; but there are frequent genuine touches of passion in it, and some scenes of truthful domestic painting. Captain Booth is a strange mixture of weakness and fidelity; his character is supposed, and truly, to bear some resemblance to Fielding's own; there was the same readiness in both to fall a victim to their own passions, and the same deep tenderness when they had recovered themselves. Booth is trustful and devoted, and worships the woman of his love. "If I had the world," he says, "I was ready to lay it at my Amelia's feet; and so, Heaven knows, I would ten thousand worlds." He is not the man to inspire admiration so much as to provoke an affectionate interest. Herein is one of the failures of the novel: the hero is not strong enough to occupy the centre. We expect to do something more with a hero than condole, laugh, or shed with him an occasional tear. He must appeal to wider sympathies. He must be greater than ourselves in some way, no matter what; but never beneath or even on a level with us. The same trait of devotion is very conspicuous in Booth's wife Amelia, who is supposed to be the representation of Fielding's first wife. We can partially agree with M. Taine in his criticism of this character when he says that Amelia is "a perfect English wife, an excellent cook," so devoted as to pardon her husband for his numerous failings, and "always looking forward to the accoucheur." This may be accepted as true with regard to a great number of the English wives of that period, though there were many of a superior *calibre*, such as we could imagine Sophia Western might make. Amelia is happy because she is typical—typical of a portion of English wives, but not by any means a universal type. The novel in which

these two amiable beings appear may be beautiful, but it lacks the pith which stronger characters would have given to it. We have to travel away from these to a subordinate individual in the story to discover a genuine point of interest—which is a great transgression of one of the cardinal principles of novel writing. Fielding, nevertheless, did not prove by this story that he had written himself out. It is neither so brilliant nor so incisive as his other novels, and has no concentration of force or continuity of plot, and for these reasons it cannot be expected to take so worthy a position; but it is without doubt far above mediocrity.

Incensed by the adulation paid to successful villany, Fielding wrote the history of "Jonathan Wild, the Great." In his day, more than in our own, perhaps, the world worshipped at the shrine of success—certainly of a lower order of success—nor stayed to inquire too closely into the cause of any rapid rise of fortune, however disreputably acquired. It is our general rule not to measure a man by the inherent qualities of good which he possesses, or by the claim which his genuine acts of benevolence establish upon us, but by the figure he is able to make in Society, even though that gilded exterior be a covering for much that is base and contemptible. An income of ten thousand a year will always cover a multitude of sins. Virtue itself has a terrible struggle to maintain its own against it. And this insane feeling of adulation of material success was, as we have observed, carried still further and still lower in Fielding's day. It went so far as to shed a halo round the head of the man whose natural place was the felon's cell, provided he were clever enough to evade the grasp of justice, and preserve a bold and brilliant outward appearance. This hollowness in the conditions of society annoyed Fielding deeply; he was moved to his innermost depths of contempt by it; and in his apology for treating the subject of the great criminal, Jonathan Wild, he explains the motives which led to the production of this extraordinary piece of satirical writing. "Without considering Newgate," he remarks, "as no other than human nature with its mask off, which some very shameful writers have done—a thought which no price should purchase me to entertain—I think we may be excused for suspecting that the splendid palaces of the great are often no other than New-

gate with the mask on. Nor do I know anything which can raise an honest man's indignation higher than that the same morals should be in one place attended with all imaginary misery and infamy, and in the other with the highest luxury and honour. Let any impartial man in his senses be asked for which of these two places a composition of cruelty, lust, avarice, rapine, insolence, hypocrisy, fraud, and treachery, was best fitted, surely his answer must be certain and immediate. And yet I am afraid all these ingredients, glossed over with wealth and a title, have been treated with the highest respect and veneration in the one, while one or two of them have been condemned to the gallows in the other." This, of course, is the fault of Society, which rarely estimates a man for his intrinsic worth, whatever groove he moves in. He may be as gigantic a fraud as was ever palmed off upon the human race, but if he only manages to dazzle the eyes of those who are beneath him on the ladder, nothing will be whispered about his peccadilloes. Let him make one slip, however, and lose his hold, and a thousand gazers will rejoice in his fall, declaring that they always knew it would come. It was to help in destroying, therefore, the bombastic greatness of society, that Fielding wrote his "Jonathan Wild." It is marked by a singular perception of motives, and a careful dissection of those unworthy passions which attain so great a sway over men. He invariably keeps one leading point in view, viz., the proper distribution of strict justice amongst his various characters. The hero, who flourishes in apparent security before our eyes through the course of the narrative, cannot escape his just doom at the last. On the gallows he fulfils the proper ends of his being, which was corrupt and unreformable. Fielding's position as magistrate undoubtedly furnished him with many ideas for this history, which he failed not to make the most of, though as a composition, regarded in its entirety, it is somewhat deficient. It was written for a special purpose; it fulfilled that purpose admirably; but beyond that fact, and that it contains much of its author's sarcastic genius, the fragment is not in any other aspect very noticeable.

Little has been said at any time of Fielding as a writer of verse, and yet he appears to have penned a considerable amount of rhyme in his day. But his verse is much inferior to his prose, his strength seeming to evaporate under the

influence of rhyme. He has not the polish or the strength of Swift in this respect; but he might have made some figure as a rhymester had he adhered to the Muse. What he has left behind him is necessarily completely dwarfed by his excellence as a writer of fiction. It will not be without interest, notwithstanding, if we glance slightly at his attempts in verse. In a poem on "Liberty" he gives vent to a noble exordium upon the good which she has accomplished for the human race, and for the progress in arts which we owe chiefly to her. Then comes the following apostrophe:—

Hail, Liberty! boon worthy of the skies,
Like fabled Venus fair, like Pallas wise.
Through thee the citizen braves war's alarms,
Though neither bred to fight, nor paid for arms;

Through thee the laurel crowned the victor's brow,

Who served before his country at the plough;
Through thee (what most must to thy praise appear)

Proud senates scorn'd not to seek Virtue there.

In form and conception the poem reminds us something of Goldsmith, being, however, in parts less pastoral than he, but having more force. The whole concludes with the following lines, which will stir an echoing sentiment probably in the mind of every reader:—

But thou, great Liberty, keep Britain free,
Nor let men use us as we use the bee;
Let not base drones upon our honey thrive,
And suffocate the maker in his hive.

Other poetical effusions by Fielding, while not exhibiting the strength and width of view which we gain in this poem, show considerable tenderness of feeling and delicacy of treatment. He has a set of verses "To Celia," supposed to be addressed to the lady whom he afterwards married, and which he closes thus happily, after descanting upon the hollowness of the world and the sickness of heart which the knowledge of it has produced in him:—

Ask you then, Celia, if there be
The thing I love? My charmer, thee;
Thee more than life, than light adore,
Thou dearest, sweetest creature, more
Than wildest raptures can express,
Than I can tell, or thou canst guess.
Then though I bear a gentle mind,
Let not my hatred of mankind
Wonder within my Celia move,
Since she possesses all I love.

Other poems could be cited which betray a lively fancy, and as a specimen in

another vein we may reproduce his lines for Butler's Monument. Fielding was moved to great indignation at the treatment of Butler by an ungrateful court, and his sarcasm took the following form:—

What though alive, neglected and undone,
O let thy spirit triumph in this stone!
No greater honour could men pay thy parts,
For when they give a stone they give their hearts.

In contrast to Fielding's poems in the didactic and sentimental vein, we may turn, lastly, to a specimen of the humorous. When labouring under pecuniary embarrassments, he addressed an appeal to Sir Robert Walpole, in which, under a playful guise, he administered a rebuke to that great minister for his neglect. In this rhyming missive the following stanzas occur:—

Great sir, as on each levée day
I still attend you—still you say—
"I'm busy now, to-morrow come;"
To-morrow, sir, you're not at home;
So says your porter, and dare I
Give such a man as him the lie?

In imitation, sir, of you
I keep a mighty levée too;
Where my attendants, to their sorrow,
Are bid to come again to-morrow.
To-morrow they return no doubt,
And then, like you, sir, I'm gone out.

In other verses the poet presses Walpole to assign him some appointment; he is not particular what, as will be gathered from the following cosmopolitan choice which he gives to the Minister:—

Suppose a Secretary o' this isle,
Just to be doing with for a while;
Admiral, gen'ral, judge, or bishop;
Or I can foreign treaties dish up.
If the good genius of the nation
Should call me to negotiation,
Tuscan and French are in my head,
Latin I write, and Greek—I read.
If you should ask, what pleases best?
To get the most, and do the least.
What fittest for?—You know, I'm sure,
I'm fittest for—a sine-cure.

Of Fielding as a dramatist, there is, perhaps, no necessity to say much; and what must be said is not of the most flattering character. His comedies are not so suggestively indecent as those of Wycherley, but there is a good deal of actual impurity in them. The license of the stage, to a large extent, has been pandered to, while the literary talent displayed is not of so high an order as that which shines through his novels. One

point should be remembered in connection with these comedies and farces—that they were written under great pressure, their production having been a matter of urgency with the author. A good deal of the wit of Fielding is encountered, but altogether they are not equal to his fine intellect. Smart sayings flash from the page now and then, as in "Don Quixote in England," where he remarks that "Every woman is a beauty if you will believe her own glass: and few if you will believe her neighbours." Again: "All men cannot do all things; one man gets an estate by what gets another man a halter;" which is a very acute remark upon the disjointed conditions of English life. In "The Modern Husband," a comedy whose general scope must be condemned as being worthy of the worst period of the Restoration, the following reflection occurs: "Never fear your reputation while you are rich, for gold in this world covers as many sins as charity in the next: so that, get a great deal and give away a little, and you secure your happiness in both." A remark made by Sir Positive Trap in one of Fielding's comedies seems to have anticipated the conduct of society in the nineteenth century, or if not of the whole of our present society, of more of it than we like to admit, if whispers from its sacred circle are to be believed—"I hope to see the time," said the worthy knight, "when a man may carry his daughter to market with the same lawful authority as any other of his cattle." Of all Fielding's dramatic pieces "Pasquin" seems deserving of the highest praise, and it touches pretty freely upon the political corruptions of the times. Considered in the light of a satire alone, it may be pronounced very successful, showing its author as usual at his best in the unsparing use of the lash. It is of course difficult to say where the line should be drawn upon the stage in regard to satire. The power of the press is not so strong as that of personal ridicule, and it is on record that the great Chancellor Hyde was ruined at Court by the absurd manner in which he was mimicked in farces and comedies, an end which would never have happened to him by mere abstract criticism. Fielding was, upon occasion, exceedingly free in his use of this weapon of ridicule; and however deficient his comedies may be in those qualities which are admitted to sustain the drama upon the boards, there are many passages in them of unquestionable brilliancy and

power. His strong capacity for parodying the great is demonstrated in more than one of the comedies; and it is but just to add the observation that what is good and virtuous in itself is always exempt from ridicule. He perceived the moral fitness of things so clearly that he never transgressed propriety in this respect. Shocked we may occasionally be when he reproduces too faithfully the follies and vices of his period, but never through the whole of his works do we remember a single sneer at what is good, honest, or noble.

In "A Journey from this World to the Next," Fielding has been the forerunner of a host of works of our own day, of which the reading public has become unconsciously weary. Undoubtedly the best of these modern efforts to describe another world is "Erewhon;" but it is singular to find Fielding, upwards of a hundred years ago, describing what took place in another sphere, after the death of the supposed writer of the narrative. It shows what little originality there is in the matter of great bold outlines of thought in the world; and doubtless many things which we consider new and of great merit in our own day have been done in ages past, and in much superior style. We do not mean to imply in any way that the work we have named and other similar works which followed it resemble in detail Fielding's "Journey," but simply desire to point out how early the author of "Tom Jones" was in the field in this very idea of describing another world, for which there appears at present to be an unreasonable mania. His work is both curious and interesting, and excellent occupation for a quiet hour's literary relaxation.

Authors are measured in various ways; some are fitted for the great mass of ordinary readers alone; others find their devotees in a few choice intellectual spirits; but of few can it be said that they are favourites of both. When we are able to affirm that this last is the true position of a writer we have paid him the highest tribute it is in our power to offer. It means that we are speaking of lofty genius; for that is really great which can satisfy the philosopher and the peasant at the same moment. "Hamlet" is the product of such a mind; so is the "Pilgrim's Progress," and to these books must indubitably be added the masterpiece of Fielding. It possesses that salt of genius which will arrest dissolution. Years roll on and only add to the imper-

ishable character of all such works. What novelist has delighted a greater number of individuals than Fielding, or satisfied more with his exquisite delineations of human nature? We know what his influence has been over millions of undistinguished men; but look for a moment at the estimation in which he is held by the conspicuous descendants of his own craft. Dickens always had the most unfeigned admiration for him, and has described the keen relish with which he devoured his works as a boy. This love grew as he grew, and there was no novelist for whom Dickens cherished such a feeling of respect for his singular power as Fielding. It is said that he took him for his model; but if so he has failed in catching his spirit, notwithstanding his profound admiration; for in truth to us the two methods—those of Fielding and Dickens—seem to differ most widely. That is a question, however, which cannot be discussed here, and we pass it by with the observation that Fielding's power over Dickens was unquestionably immense. The same remark applies to Thackeray, whose genius, far more than that of Dickens, resembled Fielding's own. "What," said the author of "Vanity Fair," when speaking of his great predecessor in fiction, "an admirable gift of nature it was by which the author of these tales was endowed, and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people! What a genius, what a vigour! What a bright-eyed intelligence and observation! What a wholesome hatred for meanness and knavery! What a vast sympathy; what a cheerfulness; what a manly relish of life! What a love of human kind! What a poet is here, watching, meditating, brooding, creating! What multitudes of truths has the man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly!" And again, speaking of his works as a whole—"Time and shower have very little damaged those. The fashion and ornaments are, perhaps, of the architecture of that age; but the building remains strong and lofty, and of admirable proportions—masterpieces of genius and monuments of workmanlike skill." Who is there who cannot subscribe to this exalted opinion of our author, first given utterance to in its full boldness and generosity by Gibbon, and perpetuated by Thackeray? Whether we regard Fielding in the light of an observer of human nature or as a humour-

ist, he has but few rivals. In the matter of the combination of both these excellences in the garb of fiction, we fearlessly reassert that he is entitled to the position we assigned him in the outset. He is at the head of his race. Other novelists may show a particular aptitude, he is the one being who has no aptitudes, for his art is universal. The temple he has reared has no dwarfed or stunted columns; it is perfect and symmetrical, and of towering and magnificent dimensions. Years have not defaced its beauty or shaken its foundations.

Another tribute to those already paid to this great king of fiction—more ephemeral, perhaps, than some, but as sincere as any—is now laid at his feet. Henry Fielding, we would that thou hadst been a better man, but it is impossible not to love thee, and to recognize shining through thee that glorious light of genius which grows not dim with Time, but whose luminous presence is ever with us to cheer, to reprove, to delight, and to elevate!

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE room known as the Astrologer's (by the maids, less reverently entitled the "star-gazer's closet") was that old eight-sided, or lantern, chamber, which has been mentioned in the short account of the Carian sage and his labours. He had used it alternately with his other quarters in the Chancton Ring; for this had outlook of the rising, as the other had of the setting stars. At the eastern end of the house, it stood away from roofs and chimney-tops, commanding the trending face of hill, and the amplitude of the world below, from north-west round the north and east, to the rising point of Fomahault.

To this room Alice now made her way, as if she had no time to spare. With quick, light steps, she passed through the hall, and then the painted library, as it was called from some old stained glass—and at the further end she entered a little room with double doors, her father's favourite musing-place. In the eastern end of this quiet chamber, and at the eastern end of all, there was a low and narrow door. This was seldom locked,

because none of the few who came so far would care to go any further. For it opened to a small landing-place, dimly lit, as well as damp, and leading to a newel staircase, narrow, and made of a chalky flint, angular and irregular.

Alice stopped to think a little. All things looked so uninviting that she would rather do without them. Surely now that the sun had departed—whether well or otherwise—some other time would do as nicely for going on with the business. There was nothing said of any special hurry, so far as she could remember; and what could be a more stupid thing than to try to unlock an ancient door without any light for the keyhole? She had a very great mind to go back, and to come again in the morning.

She turned with a quick turn towards the light, and the comfort, and the company; then suddenly she remembered how she had boasted of her courage; and who would be waiting to laugh at her, if she came back without her errand. Fearing further thought, she ran like a sunset cloud up the stairway.

Fifty or sixty steps went by her before she had time to think of them; a few in the light of loopholes, but the greater part in governed gloom, or shadowy mixture flickering. Then at the top she stopped to breathe, and recover her wits, for a moment. Here a long black door repelled her—a door whose outside she knew pretty well, but had no idea of the other side. Upon this, she began to think again; and her thoughts were almost too much for her.

With a little sigh that would have moved all imaginable enemies, the swiftly sensitive girl called up the inborn spirit of her race, and her own peculiar romance. These in combination scarcely could have availed her to turn the key, unless her father had happened to think of oiling it with a white pigeon's feather.

When she heard the bolt shoot back, she made the best of a bad affair. "In for a penny, in for a pound;" "faint heart is vain;" "two bites at a cherry;" and above all, "noblesse oblige." With all these thoughts to press her forward, in she walked quite dauntlessly.

And lo, there was nothing to frighten her. Everything looked as old and harmless as the man who had loved them all; having made or befriended them. His own little lathe, with its metal bed (cast by himself from a mixture of his own, defying the rust of centuries), wanted nothing more than dusting, and some oil

on the bearings. And the speculum he had worked so hard at, for a reflecting telescope — partly his own ideas, and partly reflected (as all ideas are) some years ere the time of Gregory — the error in its grinding, which had driven him often to despair, might still be traced by an accurate eye through the depth of two hundred dusty years. Models, patterns, moulds, and castings, — many of which would have shown how slowly our boasted discoveries have grown, — also favourite tools, and sundry things past out of their meaning, lay about among their fellows, doomed alike to do no work, because the man who had kept them moving was shorter-lived than they were.

Now young Alice stood among them, in a reverential way. They were, of course, no more than other things laid by to rust, according to man's convenience. And yet she could not make up her mind to meddle with any one of them. So that she only looked about, and began to be at home with things.

Her eager mind was always ready to be crowded with a rash, young interest in all things. It was the great fault of her nature that she never could perceive how very far all little things should lie beneath her notice. So that she now had really more than she could contrive to take in all at once.

But while she stood in this surprise, almost forgetting her errand among the multitude of ideas, a cloud above the sunset happened to be packed with gorgeous light. Unbosoming itself to the air in the usual cloudy manner, it managed thereby to shed down some bright memories of the departed one. And hence there came a lovely gleam of daylight's afterthought into the north-western facet of the old eight-sided room. Alice crossed this glance of sunset, wondering what she was to do, until she saw her shadow wavering into a recess of wall. There, between the darker windows to the right hand of the door a little hover of refraction, striking upon reflection, because it was fugitive, caught her eyes. She saw by means of this a keyhole in a brightened surface, on a heavy turn of wall that seemed to have no meaning. In right of discovery, up she ran, passed her fingers over a plate of polished Sussex iron, and put her key into the hole, of course.

The lock had been properly oiled perhaps, and put into working order sometimes, even within the last hundred years. But still it was so stiff that Alice had to

work the key both ways, and with both hands ere it turned. And even after the bolt went back, she could not open the door at once, perhaps because the jamb was rusty, or the upper hinge had given forward. Whatever the hesitation was, the girl would have no refusal. She set the key crosswise in the lock, and drew one corner of her linen handkerchief through the loop of it, and then tied a knot, and, with both hands, pulled. Inasmuch as her handkerchief was not made of gauze, or lace, or gossamer, and herself of no feeble material, the heavy door gave way at last, and everything lay before her.

"Is that all? oh, is that all?" she cried, in breathless disappointment, and yet laughing at herself. "No jewels, no pearls, no brooches, or buckles, or even a gold watch! And the great Astrologer must have foreseen how sadly, in this year of our reckoning, I should be longing for a gold watch! Alas! without it, what is the use of being 'brave and beautiful'? Here is nothing more than dust, mouldy old deeds, and a dirty cushion!"

Alice had a great mind at first to run back to her father and tell him that, after all, there was nothing found that would be worth the carrying. And she even turned, and looked round the room, to support this strong conclusion. But the weight of ancient wisdom (pressed on the young imagination by the stamp of mystery) held her under, and made her stop from thinking her own thoughts about it. "He must have known better, of course, than I do. Only look at his clever tools! I am sure I could live in this room for a week, and never be afraid of anything."

But even while she was saying this to herself, with the mind in command of the heart, and a fine conscientious courage, there came to her ears, or seemed to come, a quiet, low, unaccountable sound. It may have been nothing, as she tried to think, when first she began to recover herself; or it may have been something quite harmless, and most easily traced to its origin. But whatever it was, in a moment it managed to quench her desire to live in that room. With quick hands, now delivered from their usual keen sense of grime, she snatched up whatever she saw in the cupboard, and banged the iron door, and locked it, with a glance of defiant terror over the safer shoulder first, and then over the one that was nearer the noise.

Then she knew that she had done her duty very bravely; and that it would be a cruel thing to expect her to stay any longer. And, so to shut out all further views of anything she had no right to see, she slipped back the band of her beautiful hair; and, under that cover, retreated.

CHAPTER X.

AT this very time there happened to be a boy of no rank, and of unknown order, quietly jogging homeward. He differed but little from other boys; and seemed unworthy of consideration, unless one stopped to consider him. Because he was a boy by no means virtuous, or valiant; neither gifted by nature with any inborn way to be wonderful. Having nothing to help him much, he lived among the things that came around him, to his very utmost; and he never refused a bit to eat, because it might have been a better bit. And now and then, if he got the chance (without any more in the background than a distant view of detection), he had been imagined perhaps to lay hand upon a stray trifle that would lie about, and was due, but not paid, to his merits. Nobody knew where this boy came from, or whether he came at all indeed, or was only the produce of earth or sky, at some improper conjunction. Nothing was certain about him; except that there he was; and he meant to stay; and people, for the most part liked him. And many women would have been glad to love him, in a protective way; but for the fright by all of them felt, by reason of the magistrates.

These had settled it long ago, at every kind of session, that this boy (though so comparatively honest) must not be encouraged much. He had such a manner of looking about after almost anything; and of making the most of those happy times when luck embraces art; above all, he had such exhaustive knowledge of apple-trees, and potato-buries, and cows that wanted milking, as well as of ticklish trout, and occasional little ducks that had lost their way—that after long-tried lenience, and allowance for such a neglected child, justice could no longer take a large and wholesome view of "Bonny."

Bonny held small heed of justice (even in the plural number) whenever he could help it. The nature of his birth and nurture had been such as to make him take an outside view of everything. If people liked him, he liked them, and would

be the last to steal from them; or at any rate would let them be the last for him to steal from. His inner meaning was so honest, that he almost always waited for some great wrong to be done to him, before he dreamed of making free with almost anybody's ducks.

Widely as he was known, and often glanced at from a wrong point of view, even his lowest detractor could not give his etymology. Many attempted to hold that he might have been called, in some generative outburst, "Bonnie," by a Scotchman of imagination. Others laughed this idea to scorn, and were sure that his right name was "Boney," because of his living in spite of all terror of "Bonyparty." But the true solution probably was (as with all analytic inquiries) the third,—that his right name was "Bony," because his father, though now quite a shadowy being, must have, at some time or other, perhaps, gone about crying "Rags and Bones, oh!"

These little niceties of origin passed by Bonny as the idle wind. He was proud of his name, and it sounded well; and wherever he went the ladies seemed to like him as an unknown quantity. Also (which mattered far more to him) the female servants took to him. And, with many of these, he had such a way, that it found him in victuals, perhaps twice in a week.

Nevertheless, he was forced to work as hard as could be, this summer. The dragging weight of a hopeless war (as all, except the stout farmers, now were beginning to consider it) had been tightening, more and more, the strain upon the veins of trade, and the burden of the community.

This good boy lived in the side of a hill, or of a cliff (as some might call it), white and beautiful to look at from a proper distance. Here he had one of those queer old holes, which puzzle the sagest antiquary, and set him in fiercest conflict with the even sager geologist. But in spite of them all, the hole was there; and in that hole lived Bonny.

Without society, what is life? Our tenderest and truest affections were not given us for naught. The grandest of human desires is to have something or other to wallop; and fate (in small matters so hard upon Bonny) had known when to yield, and had granted him this; that is to say, a donkey.

A donkey of such a clever kind, and so set up with reasoning powers and a fine heart of his own, that all his conclusions

were almost right, until they were beaten out of him. His name was "Jack," and his nature was of a level and sturdy order, resenting wrongs, accepting favours, with all the teeth of gratitude, and braying (as all clever asses do) at every change of weather. His personal appearance also was noble, striking, and romantic; and his face reminded all beholders of a well-coloured pipe-bowl upside down. For all his muzzle and nose were white, as snowy white as if he always wore a nosebag newly floured from the nearest windmill. But just below his eyes, and across the mace of his jaws, was a ring of brown, and above that not a speck of white, but deepening into cloudy blackness throughout all his system. Then (like the crest of Hector) rose a menacing frontlet of thick hair, and warlike ears as long as horns, yet genially revolving; and body and legs, to complete the effect, conceived in the very best taste to match.

These great virtues of the animal found their balance in small foibles. A narrow-minded, self-seeking vein,—a too vindictive memory, an obstinacy more than asinine, no sense of honour, and a habit of treating too many questions with the teeth or heels. These had lowered him to his present rank; as may be shown hereafter.

To any worked and troubled mind, escaping into the country, it would have been a treat to happen (round some corner suddenly, when the sun throws shadows long) upon Bonny and his jack-ass. In the ripe time of the evening, when the sun is at his kindest, and the earth most thankful, and the lines of every shadow now are well accustomed; when the air has summer hope of never feeling frost again; and every bush, and stump, and hillock quite knows how to stand and look; when the creases of yellow grass, and green grass, by the roadside, leave themselves for explanation, till the rain shall settle it; and the thick hedge, in the calm air, cannot rustle, unless it holds a rabbit or a hare at play,—when all these things, in their quiet way, guide the shadowy lines of evening, and the long lanes of farewell, what can soothe the spirit more than the view of a boy on a donkey?

Bonny, therefore, was in keeping with the world around him (as he always contrived to be) when he came home on Jack, that evening, from a long day's work at Shoreham. The lane was at its best almost, with all the wild flowers that

love the chalk, mixed with those that hug the border where the chalk creams into loam. Among them Bonny whistled merrily, as his favourite custom was; to let the Pixies and the Fairies, ere he came under the gloom of the hill, understand that he was coming, and nobody else to frighten them.

Soothed with the beauty of the scene and the majesty of the sunset, Jack drew back his ears and listened drowsily to his master. "Britannia rule the Waves" was then the anthem of the nation; and as she seemed to rule nothing else, though fighting very grandly, all patriotic Britons found main comfort in governing water.

The happiness of this boy and donkey was of that gleeful see-saw chancing, which is the heartiest of all. This has a snugness of its own, which nothing but poverty can afford, and luck rejoice to revel in. As a rich man hugs his shivers, when he has taken a sudden chill, and huddles in over a roaring fire, and boasts that he cannot warm himself, so a poor fellow may cuddle his home, and spread his legs as he pleases, for the sake of its very want of comfort, and the things it makes him think of; all to be hoped for by-and-by. And Bonny was so destitute that he had all the world to hope for.

He lived in a hole in the scarp of chalk, at the foot of the gully of Coombe Lorraine; and many of his delightful doings might have been seen from the lofty windows, if any one ever had thought it worth while to slope a long telescope at him. But nobody cared to look at Bonny, and scatter his lowly happiness—than which there is no more fugitive creature, and none more shy of inspection.

Being of a light and dauntless nature, Bonny kept whistling and singing his way, over the grass and through the furze, and in and out the dappled leafage of the summer evening; while Jack, with his brightest blinkings, picked the parts of the track that suited him. The setting sun was in their eyes, and made them wink every now and then, and threw the shadow of long ears, and walking legs, and jogging heads, here and there and anywhere. Also a very fine lump of something might in the shadows be loosely taken to hang across Jack in his latter parts, coming after Bonny's legs, and choice things stowed in front of them.

The meaning of this was that they had been making a very lucky long-shore day, at the mouth of the river Adur; and

on their way home, had received some pleasing tribute to their many merits in the town of Steyning, and down the road. Jack had no panniers, for his master could not provide such luxuries; but he had what answered as well, or better — a long and trusty meal-sack, strongly stitched at the mouth, and slit for inlet some way down the middle. So that, as it hung well balanced over his sturdy quarters, anything might be popped in quickly; and all the contents must abide together, and churn up into fine tenderness.

As for Bonny himself, the shadows did him strong injustice, such as he was wont to take from all the world, and make light of. The shadows showed him a ragged figure, flapping and flickering here and there, and random in his outlines. But the true glow of the sunset, full upon his face, presented quite another Bonny. No more to be charged as a vagabond than the earth and the sun himself were; but a little boy who loved his home, such as it was, and knew it, and knew little else. Dirty, perhaps, just here and there, after the long dry weather — but if he had been ugly, could he have brought home all that dripping?

To the little fellow himself as yet the question of costume was more important than that of comeliness. And his dress afforded him many sources of pride and self-satisfaction. For his breeches were possessed of inexhaustible vitality, as well as bold and original colour, having been adapted for him by the wife of his great patron, Bottler the pigman, from a pair of Bottler's leggings, made of his own pigskin. The skin had belonged, in the first place, to a very remarkable boar, a thorough Calydonian hog, who escaped from a farm-yard, and lived for months a wild life in St. Leonard's Forest. Here he scared all the neighbourhood, until at last Bottler was invoked to arise like Meleager, and to bring his pig-knife. Bottler met him in single combat, slew him before he had time to grunt, and claiming him as the spoils of war, pickled his hams at his leisure. Also, he tanned the hide in his own yard, and made himself leggings as everlasting as the fame of his exploit.

With these was Bonny now indued over most of his nether moiety. Shoes and stockings he despised, of course, but his little shanks were clean and red, while his shoulders and chest were lost in the splendour of a coachman's crimson waistcoat. At least they were generally

so concealed, when he set forth in the morning, for he picked up plenty of pins, and showed some genius in arranging them: but after a hard day's work, as now, air and light would always reassert their right of entrance. Still, there remained enough of the mingled charm of blush and plush to recall in soft domestic bosoms bygone scenes, forever past — but oh, so sweet among the trays!

To judge him, however, without the fallacy of romantic tenderness — the breadth of his mouth, and the turn of his nose, might go a little way against him. Still, he had such a manner of showing bright white teeth in a jocund grin, and of making his frizzly hair stand up, and his sharp blue eye express amazement, at the proper moment; moreover, his pair of cheeks was such (after coming off the downs), and his laugh so dreadfully infectious, and he had such tales to tell — that several lofty butlers were persuaded to consider him.

Even the butler at Coombe Lorraine — but that will come better hereafter. Only as yet may be fairly said, that Bonny looked up at the house on the hill with a delicate curiosity; and felt that his overtures might have been somewhat ungraceful, or at least ill-timed, when the new young footman (just taken on) took it entirely upon himself to kick him all the way down the hill. This little discourtesy, doubling of course Master Bonny's esteem and regard for the place, at the same time introduced some constraint into his after intercourse. For the moment, indeed, he took no measures to vindicate his honour; although at a word (as he knew quite well), Bottler, the pigman, would have brought up his whip and seen to it. And even if any of the maids of the house had been told to tell Miss Alice about it, Bonny was sure of obtaining justice, and pity, and even half-a-crown.

Quick as he was to forget and forgive the many things done amiss to him, the boy, when he came to the mouth of the coombe, looked pretty sharply about him for traces of that dreadful fellow, who had proved himself such a footman. With Jack to help him, with jaw and heel, Bonny would not have been so very much afraid of even him; such a "strong-siding champion" had the donkey lately shown himself. Still, on the whole, and after such a long day's work by sea and shore, the rover was much relieved to find his little castle unleaguered.

The portal thereof was a yard in height,

and perhaps fifteen inches wide; not all alike, but in and out, according to the way the things, or the boy himself, went rubbing it. A holy hermit once had lived there, if tradition spoke aright. But if so, he must have been as narrow of body to get in, as wide of mind to stop there. At any rate, Bonny was now the hermit, and less of a saint than a sinner.

The last glance of sunset was being reflected under the eaves of twilight when these two came to their home and comfort in the bay of the quiet land. From the foot of the steep white cliff, the greensward spread itself with a gentle slope, and breaks of roughness here and there, until it met the depth of cornland, where the feathering bloom appeared—for the summer was a hot one—reared upon its jointed stalk, and softened into a silver-grey by the level touch of evening. The little powdered stars of wheat-bloom could not now be seen, of course; neither the quivering of the awns, nor that hovering radiance, which in the hot day moves among them. Still the scent was on the air, the delicate fragrance of the wheat, only caught by waiting for it, when the hour is genial.

Bonny and Jack were not in the humour now to wait for anything. The scent of the wheat was nothing to them: but the smell of a loaf was something. And Jack knew, quite as well as Bonny, that let the time be as hard as it would—and it was a very hard time already, though nothing to what came afterward—nevertheless, there were two white loaves, charmed, by their united powers, out of maids who were under notice to quit their situations. Also on the homeward road, they had not failed entirely of a few fine gristly hocks of pork, and the bottom of a skin of lard, and something unknown, but highly interesting, from a place where a pig had been killed that week, much as the time of year was wrong.

"Now, Jack, tend thee'zell," said Bonny, with the air of a full-grown man almost, while he was working his own little shoulders in betwixt the worn hair on the ribs, and the balanced bag overhanging them. Jack knew what he was meant to do; for he brought his white nose cleverly round, just where it was wanted, and pushed it under one end of the bag, and tossed it carefully over his back, so that it slid down beautifully.

When this great bag lay on the ground (or rather, stood up, in a clumsy way, by virtue of what was inside of it), the first

thing everybody did was to come, and poke, and sniff at it. And though the everybody was no more than Jack and his donkey, the duty was not badly done, because they were both so hungry.

When the strings were cut, and the bag in relief of tension panted, ever so many things began to ooze, and to ease themselves, out of it. First of all two great dollops of oar-weed, which had excellently performed their task of keeping everything tight and sweet with the hungry fragrance of the sea. Then came a mixture of almost anything, which a boy of no daintiness was likely to regard as eatable, or a child of no science whatever to look upon as a rarity. Bonny was a collector of the grandest order; the one who collects everything. Here was food of the land, and food of the sea, and food of the tidal river, mingled with food for the mind of a boy, who had no mind—to his knowledge. In the humblest way he groped about, and wondered at almost everything.

Now he had things to wonder at which (in the heat of the day and the work) had been caught and stowed away anyhow. The boy and the donkey had earned their load with such true labour, that now they could not remember even half of it. Jack, by hard collar-work at the nets; Bonny, by cheering him up the sand, and tugging himself with his puny shoulders, and then by dancing, and treading away, and kicking with naked feet among the wastrel fish, full of thorns and tails, shed from the vent of the drag-net by the spent farewell of the shoaling wave.

For, on this very day, there had been the great Midsummer haul at Shoreham. It was the old custom of the place; but even custom must follow the tides, and the top of the summer spring-tides (when the fish are always liveliest) happened, for the year 1811, to come on the 18th day of June. Bonny for weeks had been looking forward, and now before him lay his reward!

After many sweet and bitter uses of adversity, this boy, at an early age, had caught the tail of prudence. It had been to his heart, at first, a friendly and a native thing, to feast to the full (when he got the chance) and go empty away till it came again. But now, being grown to riper years, and, after much consideration, declared to be at least twelve years old by the only pork-butcher in Steyning, Bonny began to know what was what, and to salt a good deal of his offal.

For this wise process he now could,

find a greater call than usual ; because, through the heat of the day, he had stuck to his first and firmly-grounded principle — never to refuse refuse. So that many other fine things were mingled, jumbled, and almost churned, among the sundry importations of the flowing tide and net. All of these, now, he well delivered (so far as sappy limbs could do it) upon a cleanish piece of ground, well accustomed to such favours. Then Bonny stood back, with his hands on his knees, and Jack spread his nose at some of it.

Loaves of genuine wheaten bread were getting scarce already. Three or four bad harvests, following long arrears of discontent, and hanging on the heavy arm of desperate taxation, kept the country, and the farmers, and the people that must be fed, in such a condition that we (who cannot be now content with anything) deserve no blame when we smack our lips in our dainty contempt of our grandfathers.

Bonny was always good to Jack, according to the way they had of looking at one another ; and so, of the choicest spoils, he gave him a half-peck loaf, of a fibre such as they seldom softened their teeth with. Jack preferred this to any clover, even when that luxury could be won by clever stealing ; and now he trotted away with his loaf to the nearest stump where backing-power against his strong jaws could be got. Here he laid his loaf against the stump, and went a little way back to think about it, and to be sure that every atom was for him. Then, without scruple or time to spare, he tucked up his lips, and began in a hurry to make a bold dash for the heart of it.

"More haste, less speed," is a proverb that seems, at first sight, one of the last that need be quoted to a donkey. Yet, in the present instance, Jack should have spared himself time to study it ; for in less than a moment he ran up to Bonny, with his wide mouth at its widest snorting with pain, and much yearning to bellow, but by the position disabled. There was something stuck fast in the roof of his mouth, in a groove of the veiny black arches ; and work as he might with his wounded tongue he was only driving it further in. His great black eyes, as he gasped with fright, and the piteous whine of his quivering nose, and his way altogether so scared poor Bonny, that the chances were he would run away. And so, no doubt, he must have done (being but a little boy as yet), if it had not

chanced that a flash of something caught his quick eye suddenly, something richly shining in the cavern of the donkey's mouth.

This was enough, of course, for Bonny. His instinct of scratching, and digging, and hiding, was up and at work in a moment. He thrust his brown hand betwixt Jack's great jaws, and drew it back quickly enough to escape the snap of their glad reunion. And in his hand was something which he had drawn from the bag of the net that day, but scarcely stopped to look at twice, in the huddle of weeds and the sweeping. It had lain among many fine gifts of the sea — skates, and dog-fish, sea-devils, sting-rays, thorn-backs, inky cuttles, and scallops, cockles, whelks, green crabs, jelly-fish, and everything else that makes fishermen swear, and then grin, and then spit on their palms again. Among these in Bonny's bag had lain manifold boons of the life-giving earth, extracted from her motherly feeling by one or two good butchers.

Bonny made no bones of this. Fish, flesh, fowl, or stale red-herring — he welcomed all the works of charity with a charitable nose, and fingers not of the nicest. So that his judgment could scarcely have been "prejudicially affected by any preconceived opinion" — as our purest writers love to say — when he dropped this thing, and smelled his thumb, and cried, "Lord, how it makes my hands itch !"

After such a strong expression, what can we have to say to him ? It is the privilege of our period to put under our feet whatever we would rather not face out. At the same time, to pretend to love it, and lift it by education. Nevertheless, one may try to doubt whether poor Bonny's grandchildren (if he ever presumed to have any) thrive on the lesson, as well as he did on the loaf, of charity.

CHAPTER XL

THERE used to be a row of buildings, well within the sacred precincts of the Inner Temple, but still preserving a fair look-out on the wharves, and the tidal gut at their back, till the whole view was swallowed by gas-works. Here for long ages, law had flourished on the excrete things of outlawry, fed by the reek of Whitefriars, as a good nettle enjoys the mixen.

Already, however, some sweeping changes had much improved this neighbourhood ; and the low attorneys who

throve on crime, and of whom we get unpleasant glimpses through our classic novelists, had been succeeded by men of repute, and learning, and large practice. And among all these there was not one more widely known and respected than Glanvil Malahide, K.C.; an eminent equity-barrister, who now declined to don the wig in any ordinary cause. He had been obliged, of course, to fight, like the rest of mankind, for celebrity; but as soon as this was well assured, he quitted the noisier sides of it. But his love of the subtleties of the law (spun into fairer and frailer gossamer by the soft spider of equity), as well as the power of habit, kept him to his old profession; so that he took to chamber-practice, and had more than he could manage.

Sir Roland Lorraine had known this gentleman by repute at Oxford, when Glanvil Malahide was young, and believed to be one of the best scholars there; in the days when scholarship often ripened (as it seldom does now) to learning. For the scholarship now must be kept quite young, for the smaller needs of tuition.

Hence it came to pass that as soon as Hilary Lorraine was quite acquit of Oxford leading-strings, and had scrambled into some degree, his father, who especially wished (for some reasons of his own) to keep the boy out of the army, entered him gladly among the pupils of Mr. Glanvil Malahide. Not that Hilary was expected ever to wear the horse-hair much (unless an insane desire to do so should find its way into his open soul), but that the excellent goodness of law might drop, like the gentle dew from heaven, and grow him into a Justice of the Peace.

Hilary looked upon this matter, as he did on too many others, with a sweet indifference. If he could only have had his own way, he would have been a soldier long ago; for that was the time when all the spirit of Britain was roused up to arms. But this young fellow's great fault was, to be compact of so many elements that nothing was settled amongst them. He had "great gifts," as Mr. Malahide said — "extraordinary talents," we say now — but nobody knew (least of all their owner) how to work them properly. This is one of the most unlucky compositions of human mind — to be applicable to everything, but applied to nothing. If Hilary had lain under pressure, and been squeezed into one

direction, he must have become a man of mark.

This his father could not see. As a general rule a father fails to know what his son is fit for; and after disappointment, fancies (for a little time at least) himself a fool to have taken the boy to be all that the mother said of him. Nevertheless, the poor mother knows how right she was, and the world how wrong.

But Hilary Lorraine, from childhood, had no mother to help him. What he had to help him was good birth, good looks, good abilities, a very sweet temper, and a kind and truly genial nature. Also a strongish will of his own (whenever his heart was moving), yet ashamed to stand forth boldly in the lesser matters. And here was his fatal error; that he looked upon almost everything as one of the lesser matters. He had, of course, a host of friends, from the freedom of his manner; and sometimes he would do such things that the best, or even the worst of them, could no longer walk with him. Things not vicious, but a great deal too far gone in the opposite way — such as the snatching up of a truly naked child and caressing it, or any other shameful act, in the face of the noblest Christendom. These things he would do, and worse; such as no toady with self-respect could smile at in broad daylight, and such as often exposed the lad to laughter in good society. One of his best friends used to say that Hilary wanted a vice or two to make his virtues balance. This may have been so; but none the less, he had his share of failings.

For a sample of these last he had taken up and made much of one of his fellow-pupils in these well-connected chambers. This was one Gregory Lovejoy, a youth entirely out of his element among fashionable sparks. Steadfast ambition of a conceptive mother sent him, against his stars, to London; and here he became the whetstone for those brilliant blades, his fellow-pupils. Because he had been at no university, nor even so much as a public school, and had no introduction to anybody who had never heard of him.

Now the more the rest disdained this fellow, the more Lorraine regarded him; feeling, with a sense too delicate to arise from any thought, that shame was done to good birth by being even conscious of it, except upon great occasions. And so, without giving much offence, or pretending to be a champion, Hilary used to shield young Lovejoy from the blunt

shafts of small humour continually levelled at him.

Mr. Malahide's set of chambers was perhaps the best to be found in Equity Walk, Inner Temple. His pupils—ten in number always, because he would accept no more, and his high repute insured no less—these worthy youths had the longest room, facing with three whitey-brown windows into "Numa Square." Hence the view, containing all "utilitarian edifices," freely ranged across the garden's classic walks of asphodel to the broad Lethean river on whose wharves we are such weeds. For "Paper Buildings," named from some swift sequence of suggestion, reared no lofty height as yet to mar the sedentary view.

All who have the local key will enter into the scene at once; so far, at least, as necessary change has failed to operate. But Mr. Malahide's pupils scarcely ever looked out of the windows. None, however, should rashly blame them for apathy as to the prospect. They seldom looked out of the windows, because they were very seldom inside them.

In the first place, their attendance there was voluntary and precarious. They paid their money, and they took their choice whether they ever did anything more. Each of them paid—or his father for him—a fee of a hundred guineas to have the "run of the chambers," and most of them carried out their purpose by a run-away from them. The less they came, the less trouble they caused to Mr. Glanvil Malahide; who always gave them that much to know when they paid their fee of entrance. "If you mean to be a lawyer," he said, "I will do my best to make you one. If you only come for the name of it I shall say but little more to you." This, of course, was fair enough, and the utmost that could be expected of him: for most of his pupils were young men of birth, or good position in the English counties, to whom in their future condition of life a little smattering of law, or the credit of owning such smattering, would be worth a few hundred guineas. Common Law, of course, was far more likely to avail them in their rubs of the world than equity; but of that fine drug they had generally taken their dose in Pleaders' Chambers, and were come to wash the taste away in the purer shallows of equity.

Hilary, therefore, might be considered, and certainly did consider himself, a remarkably attentive pupil, for he generally was to be found in chambers four or

even five days of the week, coming in time to read all the news before the five o'clock dinner in Hall. Whereas the Honourable Robert Gumption, and Sir Francis Kickabout, two of his fellow-pupils, had only been seen in chambers once since they paid their respective fees; and the reason of their attendance then was that they found the towels too dirty to use at the billiard-rooms in Fleet Street. The clerks used to say among themselves, that "these young fellows must be dreadful fools to pay one hundred guineas, because any swell with the proper cheek might easy enough have the go of the chambers, and nobody none the wiser; for they wouldn't know him, nor the other young gents, and least of all old "horsewig."

However, there chanced to be two or three men who made something more than a very expensive lounge of these eminent chambers. Of these worthy fellows, Rice Cockles was one (who had been senior wrangler two years before, and from that time knew not one good night's rest, till the Woolsack broke his fall into his grave), and another was Gregory Lovejoy. Cockles was thoroughly conscious—as behoves a senior wrangler—of possessing great abilities; and Lovejoy knew, on his own behalf, that his mother at least was as sure as could be of all the wonders he must do.

Hilary could not bear Rice Cockles, who was of a dry sarcastic vein; but he liked young Lovejoy more and more, the more he had to defend him. Youths who have not had the fortune to be at a public school or a college, seldom know how to hold their tongues until the world has silenced them. Gregory, therefore, thought no harm to boast opportunely one fine May morning (when some one had seen a tree blossoming somewhere) of the beauty of his father's cherry-trees. How noble and grand they must be just now, one sheet of white, white, white, he said, as big as the Inner and the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, all put together! And then how the bees were among them buzzing, knowing which sorts first to milk; and the tortoise-shell butterflies quite sure to be out, for the first of their summering. But in the moonlight, best of all, when the moon was three days short of full, then was the time an unhappy Londoner must be amazed with happiness. Then to walk among them was like walking in a fairy-land, or being lost in a sky of snow, before a flake begins to fall. A delicate soft world of

white, an in and out of fancy lace, a feeling of some white witchery, and almost a fright that little white blossoms have such power over one.

"Where may one find this grand paradise?" asked Rice Cockles, as if he could scarcely refrain his feet from the road to it.

"Five miles the other side of Seven-Oaks;" Gregory answered, boldly.

"I know the country. Does your father grow cherries for Covent Garden market?"

"Of course he does. Didn't you know that?" Thenceforth in chambers Lovejoy was always known as "Cherry Lovejoy." And he always answered to that name.

It was now the end of June, and the cherries must be getting ripe. The day had been very hot and sultry, and Hilary came into chambers later than his usual time, but fresh as a lark, as he always was. Even Mr. Malahide had felt the weight of the weather, and of his own threescore years and five, and in his own room was dozing. The three clerks in their little den were fit for next to nothing, except to lie far away in some meadow, with sleepy beer, under alder-trees. Even Rice Cockles had struck work with one of those hopeless headaches which are bred by hot weather from satire, a thing that turns sour above freezing-point; and no one was dwelling in the long hot room save the peaceful and steady Gregory.

Even he, with his resolute will to fulfil his mother's prophecies, could scarcely keep his mind from flagging, or his mouth from yawning, as he went through some most elaborate answer to a grand petition in equity—the iniquity being, to a common mind, that the question could have arisen. But Mr. Malahide, of course, regarded things professionally.

"Lovejoy, thy name is 'Love-misery,'" cried young Lorraine, who never called his fellow-pupil "Cherry," though perfectly welcome to do so. "I passed an optician's shop just now, and the thermometer stands at 96°. That quill must have come from an ostrich to be able to move in such weather. Even the counsellor yields to the elements. Hark how he winds his sultry horn! Is it not a great and true writer who says, 'I tell thee that the quills of the law are the deadliest shafts of the Evil One'? Come, therefore, and try a darting match."

Gregory felt no inclination for so hot a pastime; he had found, however, a habit

of yielding to the impulsive and popular Hilary, which led him into a few small scrapes, and one or two that were not small. Lorraine's unusual brightness of nature, and personal beauty, and gentle bearing, as well as an inborn readiness to be pleased with everybody, insured him a good liking with almost all kinds of people. How then could young Lovejoy, of a fine but unshapen character, and never introduced to the very skirts of good society, help looking up to his champion Hilary as a charming deity? Therefore he made way at once for Hilary's sudden freak for darts. The whole world being at war just then (as happens upon the average in every generation), Cherry Lovejoy slung his target, a legal almanac for the year. Then he took four long quills, and pared them of their plumes, and split the shafts, and fitted each with four paper wings, cut and balanced cleverly. His aptness in the business showed that this was not his first attempt; and it was a hard and cruel thing that he should now have to prepare them. But the clerks had a regular trick of stealing the "young pups" darts from their unlocked drawers, partly for practice among themselves, but mainly to please their families.

"Capital! Beautifully done!" cried Hilary, as full of life as if the only warmth of the neighbourhood were inside him. "We never turned out such a good lot before; I could never do that like you. But now for the tips, my dear fellow!"

"Any fool can do what I have done. But no one can cut the tip at all, to stick in the target, and not bounce back; only you, Mr. Lorraine."

"Mister Lorraine! now, Gregory Lovejoy, I thought we liked one another well enough to have dropped that long ago. If you will only vouchsafe to notice, you shall see how I cut the slit, so that the well-spiced javelin pierces even a cover of calf-skin." It was done in a moment, by some quick art, inherited, perhaps, from Prince Agasicles, and then they took their stations.

From the further end of the room they cast (for thirty feet and more perhaps) over two great tables scarred by keen generations of lawyers. Hilary threw the stronger shaft, but Gregory took more careful aim; so that in spite of the stifling heat the contest grew exciting.

"Blest if they young donkeys knows hot from cold!" said the senior clerk, disturbed in his little room by the prodding and walking, and the lively voices.

"Sooner them, than you nor me!" the second clerk muttered sleepily. When the most ungrammatical English is wanted, a copying clerk is the man to supply it.

In spite of unkindly criticism, the brisk acontic strife went on. And every hit was chronicled on a long sheet of draft paper.

"Sixteen to you, eighteen to me!" cried Gregory, poising his long shadowed spear, while his coat and waistcoat lay in the folds of a suit that could never terminate, and his square Kentish face was even redder than a ripe May-Duke. At that moment the door was opened, and in came Mr. Malahide.

"Just so!" he said, in his quiet way; "I now understand the origin of a noise which has often puzzled me. Lorraine, what a baby you must be!"

"Can a baby do that?" said Hilary, as he stepped into poor Gregory's place, and sped his dart into the Chancellor's eye, the bull's eye of their target.

"That was well done," Mr. Malahide answered; "perhaps it is the only good shot you will ever make in your profession."

"I hope not, sir. Under your careful tuition I am laying the foundations of a mighty host of learning."

At this the lawyer was truly pleased. He really did believe that he took some trouble with his pupils; and his very kind heart was always gratified by their praises. And he showed his pleasure in his usual way by harping on verbal niceties.

"Foundations of a host, Lorraine! Foundations of a pile, you mean; and as yet, *lusisti pilis*. But you may be a credit to me yet. Allowance must be made for this great heat. I will talk to you to-morrow."

With these few words, and a pleasant smile, the eminent lawyer withdrew to his den, feigning to have caught no glimpse of the deeply-blushing Lovejoy. For he knew well that Gregory could not afford to play with his schooling; and so (like a proper gentleman) he fell upon the one that could. Hilary saw his motive, and with his usual speed admired him.

"What a fine fellow he is!" he said, as if in pure self-commune: "from the time he becomes Lord Chancellor, I will dart at no legal almanac. But the present fellow—however, the weather is too hot to talk of him. Lovejoy, wilt thou come with me? I must break out into the country."

"What!" cried Gregory, drawing up at the magic word from his stool of repentance, and the desk of his diminished head. "What was that you said, Lorraine?"

"Fair indeed is the thing thou hast said, and fair is the way thou saidest it. Tush! shall I never get wholly out of my ignorant knowledge of Greek plays? Of languages that be, or have been, only two words survive this weather, in the streets of London town; one is 'rus,' and the other 'country.'"

"It is a sweet and decorous thing to die on behalf of the country." That line I remember well; you must have seen it somewhere?"

"It is one of my earliest memories, and not a purely happy one. But that is 'patria,' and not 'rus.' 'Patria' is the fatherland; 'rus' is a fellow's mother. None can understand this parable till they have lived in London."

"Lorraine," said Gregory, coming up shyly, yet with his brown eyes sparkling, and a steadfast mouth to declare himself—"you are very much above me, of course, I know."

"I am uncommonly proud to hear it," Hilary answered, with his most sweet smile; "because I must be a much finer fellow than I ever could have dreamed of being."

"Now, you know well enough what I mean. I mean, in position of life, and all that, and birth, and breeding, and everything else."

"To be sure," said Hilary, gravely, making a trumpet of blotting-paper; "any other advantage, Gregory?"

"Fifty, if I could stop to tell them. But I see that you mean to argue it. Now argument is a thing that always—"

"Now, Gregory, just acknowledge me your superior in argument; and I will confess myself your superior in every one of those other things."

"Well, you know, Lorraine, I could scarcely do that. Because it was only the very last time—"

"Exactly," said Hilary; "so it was—the very last time, you left me no more than a shadow caught in a cleft stick. Therefore, friend Gregory, say your say, without any traps for the sole of my foot."

"Well, what I was thinking was no more than this—if you would take it into consideration now—considering what the weather is, and all the great people gone out of London, and the streets like fire almost, and the lawyers

frightened by the comet, quite as if, as if, almost —”

“As if it were the devil come for them.”

“Exactly so. Bellows’ clerk told me, after he saw the comet, that he could prove he had never been articled. And when you come to consider also that there will be a row to-morrow morning, — not much, of course, but still a thing to be avoided till the weather cools, — I thought; at least, I began to think —”

“My dear fellow, what? Anxiety in this dreadful weather is fever.”

“Nothing, nothing at all, Lorraine. But you are the sweetest-tempered fellow I ever came across; and so I thought that you would not mind, — at least, not so very much, perhaps —”

“My sweet temper is worn out. I have no mind to mind anything, Gregory; come and dine with me.”

“That is how you stop me always, Lorraine; I cannot be forever coming, and come, to dine with you. I always like it; but you know —”

“To be sure, I know that I like it too. It is high time to see about it. Who could dine in Hall to-day, and drink his bottle of red-hot port?”

“I could, and so could a hundred others. And I mean to do it, unless —”

“Unless what? Mysterious Gregory, by your face I know that you have some very fine thing to propose. Have you the heart to keep me suspended, as well as uncommonly hungry?”

“It is nothing to make a fuss about. Lorraine, you turn upon one so, as if you forget the difference. I was only thinking just by accident, of something that came into my head quite casually.”

“Such things have an inspiration. Out with it at last, fair Gregory.”

“Well then, if you must have it, how I should like for you to come with me to have a little turn among my father’s cherry-trees!”

“What a noble thought!” said Hilary; “a poetic imagination only could have hit on such a thought. The thermometer at 96° — and the cherries — can they be sour now?”

“Such a thing is quite impossible,” Gregory answered, gravely; “in a very cold, wet summer they are sometimes a little middling. But in such a splendid year as this, there can be no two opinions. Would you like to see them?”

“Now, Lovejoy, I can put up with much; but not with maddening questions.”

“You mean, I suppose, that you could enjoy half-a-dozen cool, red cherries, if you had a chance to pick them in among the long green leaves?”

“Half-a-dozen! half-a-peck, and half-a-bushel afterwards! Where have I put my hat? I am off, if it costs my surviving sixpence.”

“Lorraine, how very good you are! But you are always in such a hurry. You ought to think a good many times, before you are sure that you ought to do it. Remember that my father’s house is very good indeed, and very comfortable, I am sure; still it is very different from what you are accustomed to.”

“Such things are not worth thinking about. Custom, and all that, are quite below contempt; I know they are. The greatest mistake of our lives is custom; and the greatest delight is to kick it away. Will your father be glad to see me?”

“He has heard so much of you, Lorraine, that he vowed he would come to London (though he hates it so abominably), to see you and to ask you down; if I were afraid to do so. It is a very old-fashioned place; you must please to bear that in mind. Also my father, and my mother, and all of us, are old-fashioned people, living in a quiet way. You would carry on more in an hour, than we do in a twelvemonth. We like to go all over things, ever so many times, perhaps (like pushing rings up and down a stick), before we begin to settle them. But, when we have settled them, we never start again; as you seem to do.”

“Now, Gregory, Gregory, this is bad. When did you know me to start again? Ready I am to start this once, and to dwell in the orchards forever.”

In a few words more, these two young fellows agreed to take their luck of it. There was nothing in chambers for Lovejoy to lose, by going away for a day or two; and Hilary long had felt uneasy at leaving a holiday overdue. Therefore they made their minds up promptly for an early start next morning, while the drowsy town should be thrusting chimney-pots to catch the dew.

“Gregory,” said Lorraine, at last, “your mind is a nest of genius. We two will sit upon bushel-baskets, and watch the sun rise out of sacks. Before he sets, we will challenge him to face our early waggon. Covent Garden is our trysting spot, and the hour 4 A.M. Oh, day to be marked with white chalk forever!”

"I am sure I can't tell how that may be," answered the less fervent Gregory. "There is not much chalk down our way, and I never saw black chalk anywhere. But can I trust you to be there? If you don't come, I shall not go without you, and the whole affair must be put off."

"No fear, Gregory; no fear of me. The lark shall still be on her nest;—but wait, my friend, I will tell the Counselor, lest I seem to dread his face."

Lovejoy saw that this was the bounden duty of a gentleman, inasmuch as the learned lawyer had promised his young friend a little remonstrance upon the following morning. The chances were that he would forget it; and this, of course, enhanced the duty of making him remember it. Therefore Hilary gave three taps on the worm-eaten door of his good tutor, according to the scale of precedence. This rule was—inferior clerk, one tap; head-clerk, two taps; pupil (being no clerk at all, and paying, not drawing, salary), as many taps as he might think proper, in a reasonable way.

Hilary, of course, began, as he always managed to begin, with almost everybody.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir, and I have nothing particular to say."

"In that case, why did you come, Lorraine? It is your usual state of mind."

"Well, sir," said Hilary, laughing at the terse mood of the master, "I thought you had something to say to me—a very unusual state of mind," he was going to say, "on your part;" but stopped, with a well-bred youth's perception of the unbecoming.

"Yes, I have something to say to you. I remember it now, quite clearly. You were playing some childish game with Lovejoy, in the pupil's room. Now, this is all well enough for you, who are fit for nothing else, perhaps. Your father expects no work from you; and if he did, he would never get it. You may do very well, in your careless way, being born to the gift of indifference. But those who can and must work hard—is it honest of you to seduce them? You think that I speak severely. Perhaps I do, because I feel that I am speaking to a gentleman."

"It is uncommonly hard," said Hilary, with his bright blue eyes half conscious of a shameful spring of moisture, "that a fellow always gets it worse for trying to be a gentleman."

"You have touched a great truth," Mr. Malahide answered, labouring bitterly not to smile; "but so it always must be.

My boy, I am sorry to vex you; but to be vexed is better than to grieve. You like young Lovejoy—don't make him idle."

"Sir, I will dart at him henceforth, instead of the late Lord Chancellor, now sitting upon asphodel."

"Lorraine," the great lawyer suddenly asked, in a flush of unusual interest; "you have been at Oxford quite recently. They do all sorts of things there now. Have they settled what asphodel is?"

"No, sir, I fear that they never will. There are several other moot questions still. But with your kind leave, I mean to try to settle that point to-morrow."

CHAPTER XII.

MARTIN LOVEJOY, Gregory's father, owned and worked a pleasant farm in that part of Kent which the natives love to call the "Garden of Eden." In the valley of the upper Medway, a few miles above Maidstone, pretty hamlets follow the soft winding of the river. Here an ancient race of settlers, quiet but intelligent, chose their home, and chose it well, and love it as dearly as ever.

To argue with such people is to fall below their mercy. They stand at their cottage-doors, exactly as twelve generations ago they stood. A riotous storm or two may have swept them, but it never lasted long. The bowers of hop and of honeysuckle, trimmed alleys, and rambling roses, the flowering trees by the side of the road, and the truest of true green meadows, the wealth of deep orchards retiring away—as all wealth does—to delight itself; and where the land condescends to wheat, the vast gratitude of the wheat-crop,—nobody wonders, after a while, that these men know their value.

The early sun was up and slurring light upon London housetops, as a task of duty only, having lost all interest in a thing even he can make no hand of. But the brisk air of the morning, after such a night of sweltering, and of strong smells under slates, rode in the perpetual balance of the clime, and spread itself. Fresh, cool draughts of new-born day, as vague as the smile of an infant, roved about; yet were to be caught according to the dew-lines. And of these the best and truest followed into Covent Garden, under the force of attraction towards the green stuff they had begotten.

Here was a wondrous reek of men before the night had quite spent itself. Such a Babel, of a market-morning in the

"berry-season," as makes one long to understand the mother-tongue of nobody. Many things are nice and handsome; fruit and flowers are fair and fresh; life is as swift as life can be; and the pulse of price throbs everywhere. Yet, upon the whole, it is wiser not to say much more about it.

Martin Lovejoy scarcely ever ventured into this stormy world. In summer and autumn he was obliged to send some of his fruit to London; but he always sent it under the care of a trusty old retainer, Master John Shorne, whose crusty temper and crisp wit were a puzzle to the Cockney costermonger. Throughout the market, this man was known familiarly as "Kentish Crust," and the name helped him well in his business.

Now, in the summer morning early, Hilary Lorraine, with his most sprightly walk and manner, sought his way through the crowded alleys and the swarms of those that buy and sell. Even the roughest of rough customers (when both demand and supply are rough), though they would not yield him way, at any rate did not shove him by. "A swell, to buy fruit for his sweetheart," was their conclusion in half a glance at him. "Here, sir, here you are! berries for nothing, and cherries we pays you for eating of them!"

With the help of these generous fellows, Hilary found his way to John Shorne and the waggon. The horses, in unbuckled ease, were munching their well-earned corn hard by; for at that time Covent Garden was not squeezed and driven as now it is. The tail-board of the waggon was now hanging upon its hinges, and "Kentish Crust," on his springy rostrum, dealt with the fag-end of his goods. The market, in those days, was not flooded with poor foreign produce, fair to the eye, but a fraud on the belly, and continually ending in dropsy. Englishmen, at that time, did not spend the whole power of their minds upon the newest and speediest measures for robbing their brother Englishmen; and a native would really buy from his neighbour as gladly as from his born enemy.

Master John Shorne had a canvas bag on the right side of his breeches, hanging outside, full in sight, defying every cut-purse. That age was comparatively honest; nevertheless, John kept a club, cut in Mereworth wood, quite handy. And, at every sale he made, he rang his coin of the realm in his bag, as if he were calling bees all round the waggon. This

generally led to another sale. For money has a richly irresistible joy in jingling.

Hilary was delighted to watch these things, so entirely new to him. He had that fatal gift of sliding into other people's minds, and wondering what to do there. Not as a great poet has it (still reserving his own strength, and playing on the smaller nature kindly as he loves it), but simply as a child rejoices to play with other children. So that he entered eagerly into the sudden changes of John's temper, according to the tone, the bidding, and, most of all, the importance of the customers that came to him. By this time the cherries were all sold out, having left no trace except some red splashes, where an over-ripe sieve had been bleeding. But the Kentish man still had some bushels of peas, and new potatoes, and bunches of coleworts, and early carrots, besides five or six dozens of creamy cauliflowers, and several scores of fine-hearted lettuce. Therefore he was dancing with great excitement up and down his van, for he could not bear to go home uncleared; and some of his shrewder customers saw that by waiting a little longer they would be likely to get things at half-price. Of course, he was fully alive to this, and had done his best to hide surplus stock, by means of sacks, and mats, and empty bushels piled upon full ones.

"Crusty, thou must come down, old fellow," cried a one-eyed costermonger, winking first at John, and then through the rails, and even at the springs of the van; "half the load will go back to Kent, or else to the cow-keeper, if so be you holds on so almighty dear."

"Ha, then, Joe, are you waiting for that? Go to the cow-yard and take your turn. They always feeds the one-eyed first. Gentlemen, now—while there's anything left! We've kept all the very best back to the last, 'cos they chanced to be packed by an Irishman. 'First goes in, must first come out.' Paddy, are you there to stick to it?"

"Be jabbers, and how could I slip out, when the hape of you was atop of me? And right I was, be the holy poker; there it all is the very first in the bottom of the vhan!"

"Now, are you nearly ready, John?" asked Gregory, suddenly appearing through the laughter of the crowd; "here is the gentleman going with us, and I can't have him kept waiting."

"Come up, Master Greg, and help sell

out, if you know the time better than I do." John Shorne was vexed, or he would not so have spoken to his master's son.

To his great surprise, with a bound up came not Gregory Lovejoy, who was always a little bit shy of the marketing, but Hilary Lorraine, declared by dress and manner (clearly marked, as now they never can be) of an order wholly different from the people round him.

"Let me help you, sir," he said; "I have long been looking on; I am sure that I understand it."

"Forty years have I been at un, and I scarcely knows un now. They takes a deal of mannerin', sir, and the prices will go in and out."

"No doubt; and yet for the sport of it, let me help you, Master Shorne. I will not sell a leaf below the price you whisper to me."

In such height of life and hurry, half a minute is enough to fetch a great crowd anywhere. It was round the market in ten seconds that a grand lord was going to sell out of Grower Lovejoy's waggon. For a great wager, of course it must be; and all who could rush, rushed to see. Hilary let them get ready, and waited till he saw that their money was burning. Meanwhile Crusty John was grinning one of his most experienced grins.

"Don't let him, oh, don't let him," Gregory shouted to the salesman, as Hilary came to the rostrum with a bunch of carrots in one hand and a cauliflower in the other—"What would his friends say if they heard it?"

"Nay, I'll not let un," John Shorne answered, mischievously taking the verb in its (now) provincial sense; "why should I let un? It can't hurt he, and it may do good to we."

In less than ten minutes the van was cleared, and at such prices as Grower Lovejoy's goods had not fetched all through the summer. Such competition arose for the honour of purchasing from a "nobleman," and so enchanted were the dealers' ladies, many of whom came thronging round, with Hilary's bright complexion, gay address, and complaisancy.

"Well done, my lord! well done indeed!" Crusty John, to keep up the fiction, shouted when he had pouched the money—"Gentlemen and ladies, my lord will sell again next week; he has a heavy bet about it with the Prince Reg—tush, what a fool I am! they will send me to prison if I tell!"

As a general rule, the more suspicious people are in some ways, the more credulous are they in all the rest. Kentish Crust was aware of this, and expected and found for the next two months extraordinary inquiry for his goods.

"Friend Gregory, wherefore art thou glum?" said Hilary to young Lovejoy, while the horses with their bunched-up tails were being buckled to again. Lorraine was radiant with joy, both at his recent triumph in a matter quite unknown to him, and even more because of many little pictures spread before him by his brisk imagination far away from London. Every stamp of a horse's hoof was as good as a beat of the heart to him.

"Lorraine," the sensible Gregory answered, after some hesitation, "I am vexed at the foolish thing you have done. Not that it really is at all a disgrace to you, or your family, but that the world would take it so; and we must think as the world does."

"Must we?" asked Hilary, smiling kindly; "well, if we must, let us think it on springs."

At the word he leaped into the fruit-van so lightly that the strong springs scarcely shook; and Gregory could do no better than climb in calmly after him. "Geewugg," cried Master Shorne again; the bright brass harness flashed in the sun, and the horses merrily rang their hoofs on the road to their native land of Kent.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANKFORT: SEPTEMBER, 1842.

FOR this period my chief authority is my journal, which, though short enough, I kept very regularly. Having spent the first winter after my marriage in Rome, I returned to Frankfort with my young wife in the summer of 1842, and was most kindly welcomed by my numerous friends, amongst whom I may reckon those connected with Mendelssohn by his wife. Felix came to Frankfort with his family in September, and stayed a fortnight. My wife had cultivated her beautiful soprano voice with great care in Italy, and had even been very successful on the stage for some months. Mendelssohn took the greatest interest in her musical

gifts, and his short visit that autumn was like a musical spring to us. He generally spent half the day with us, and we used to meet him and his wife at parties nearly every evening. I had filled a thick blue music-book with songs of all sorts, German, and Italian psalms, airs, and romances, which I had composed for my wife, and all of these Mendelssohn insisted on hearing; in fact, he never came to see us without asking for the blue book. Carl Müller, a clever painter, whose acquaintance we had made in Rome, happening to be in Frankfort just at this time, promised to do us a pencil sketch of Mendelssohn if we could only get him to sit. At my wife's request he consented to put himself into the painter's hands, on condition that she would sing to him meanwhile. Sixteen songs of various lengths completed the sitting, and this sketch, with his autograph and the date of the 15th of September, is one of our greatest treasures.

A few days before his departure he wrote in my wife's album a setting of the Volkslied,

Es weiss und es rath es doch Keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl—

and painted underneath it a miniature map of Germany, so as to impress her new country on her mind. Next to the map he drew a pair of yellow kid gloves, as a sign of his endeavour to attain the height of elegance. After his return to Leipsic he continued his gallant behaviour by writing her an Italian letter, which I shall give in its proper place.

At that time he chiefly played to me the choruses from "Antigone." He delighted in recalling to mind the energetic way in which he had pushed forward and fixed the performance, in opposition to Tieck's hesitation and doubt, and as usual in such cases gave me amusing and graphic accounts of his little devices for getting round the famous old poet; he seemed to enjoy all this almost more than the beautiful work itself, which had taken him only just over a fortnight to compose. He had completed his great A minor Symphony in the course of the summer, and was at work on a four-hand arrangement of it for the pianoforte, which he made haste to finish on my account. During his stay we had invited our Frankfort acquaintances for the first time to a musical *matinée*; Felix completed the arrangement the evening before, and we began our music with this glorious work.

As usual Mendelssohn's time was always entirely taken up in some way or other with music. Charles Hallé, who has since gained such a high artistic position in England, came to Frankfort with his charming wife during that fortnight. Being totally unknown there, the prospects of a concert which he intended giving were perhaps not so brilliant as his great talent deserved. So I persuaded Mendelssohn to help us, and we played Bach's Triple Concerto; in consequence the room was crowded, every one wanted to see Mendelssohn at the piano, and Hallé's success was complete.

Another day he played on the organ at St. Catherine's church, and this, as may be imagined, attracted a great number of musical people. But I confess that even Mendelssohn's eminent talent, like that of so many other famous organists, left me quite cold, though I am far from attributing this to any want in their playing. I find it immensely interesting to stand by an organist and watch the motions of his hands and feet whilst I follow on the music. But the excessive resonance in churches makes it more pain than pleasure to me to listen from below to any of those wonderful creations, with their manifold intricacies and brilliant passages. When I saw next to me so many cultivated musical people in the greatest delight, I was obliged to tell myself that the fault must lie in my imperfect musical organization. Or did they only show their delight because it was the correct thing to do? That also is possible. As an accompaniment to congregational singing, or for strengthening the harmony in oratorio choruses, the organ is indispensable, sublime, unique. But as a solo instrument I can only enjoy it when the greatest care is taken both in the choice and performance of such things as lie completely within its province. To make use of the organ for secular music is to misuse it; but many even of the great works written expressly for it, suitable as they may be in feeling, are not effective in a church. The organ is a queen who should only show herself when surrounded by her choicest state.

Mendelssohn was immensely excited, whenever he played the organ, and indeed, even for musical organizations less highly developed than his, it must be most intoxicating to revel in that ocean of sound. Still, there is a gulf between making music and listening to it. He also accompanied us to the opera a few times, and I may here recall a gay re-

mark of his as we were listening to a performance of the "Favorita" for the first time. In the opening scene, if I am not mistaken, there is a chorus of monks, which begins with an ascending scale, accompanied by the orchestra in rather an old-fashioned style. "Now they will sing the descending scale," said Felix; and he was right.

The young singers of Frankfort were determined again to do homage to the famous composer, and a great *fête* was given at the "Sandhof," with part-songs, tableaux vivants, toasts, speeches, and the like. It was very pretty, though it had none of the poetry of the one which Mendelssohn so charmingly describes in a letter to his mother, 3rd July, 1839. I was in Italy at the time, and was only represented by some of my songs which were sung. But I cannot resist quoting a letter written by one of the ladies who helped to arrange the *fête*, because it gives such a vivid picture of the chief figure:—

"Everything went off beautifully, and it was just as if God had given His blessing to the whole affair. Mendelssohn seems not to have been able to wait till the time fixed, for he and his lovely young wife arrived much too early. But he adapted himself to the situation with the greatest good humour, and watched the preparations for his reception with infinite delight. I have never seen such a perfectly happy being as he was when he heard his quartets sung for the first time in the wood. His whole face beamed, his eyes literally sparkled with pleasure, and he was so excited that he actually danced about on one leg, calling out after each song 'Again, again please, once more!' We had to do the 'Lark's song' three times running with all the repeats."

It was in consequence of this *fête* that he dedicated the first book of his "Part-songs for the open Air" to Dr. Spiess and Herr Martin, two very musical gentlemen who had greatly helped in the preparation of the party.

On the 25th Mendelssohn went to Leipzig, and then to Berlin. It was only twenty years afterwards that I learned from the published collection of some of his letters in 1863 what a truly friendly action he had done for me during that very time. Amongst these letters I discovered one to Simrock, the publisher in Bonn, in favour of some one whom the editors of the letters discreetly designate as "X." There was no doubt about my being this unknown quantity; and having

revealed the secret, I cannot resist letting the letter appear in print again, for it displays such a wonderful amount of tender consideration and loving sympathy. It is dated Frankfort, the 21st September:—

DEAR MR. SIMROCK,—I write to you to-day about a matter in which I must count on your entire discretion and profound secrecy; your kindness towards me I know too well from experience to doubt the fulfilment of my wish, and I put the matter before you fully relying on your silence. I heard quite by chance, during my stay here, that my friend and fellow-artist, Mr. F. Hiller, had written to you about the publication of some new works, but as yet had received no answer. I wish very much, in the interest of art as well as in that of my friend, that your answer may be favourable; and as I fancy that my opinion may have some weight with you, it occurred to me to write to you about it, and beg you, if you possibly could, to make the German public acquainted with some of my friend's works. My reason for begging you to keep the matter secret from *everybody* and under *all circumstances*, is that I am certain that Mr. Hiller would be frantic if he had the remotest idea of my having taken such a step. I know that nothing would be more unbearable to him than not to stand altogether on his own feet, and therefore he must *never* know anything about this letter. But, on the other hand, it is a duty and obligation which one artist owes to another to help him as much as possible over difficulties and disagreeables, and to give him every assistance towards the attainment of his efforts, provided they are noble and the cause a good one. And certainly this is true in the very highest degree, both of his efforts and his cause. That is why I wanted to beg you to publish some of his compositions, and above all, if possible, to enter into some sort of agreement with him. I know perfectly well that the German publishers have not done any very brilliant business (as it is called) with most of his works as yet, and I cannot ensure its being different now; but that this *deserves* to be otherwise I feel no doubt whatever, and this is my reason, and my only reason, for making you this request. Were it not so, however great a friend he might be of mine, I would not ask it.

But just because the only consideration which ought reasonably to be entertained is that of intrinsic worth, and because it is the only one which *ought* to insure success if everything were carried on fairly in this world, and because it is too annoying to hear the old story repeated forever of the deserving and clever artists who at first have the greatest difficulty in getting their works brought out and made known, and afterwards are made a fuss about by everybody when one of their works happens to make a hit and gains the ear of the public, though, after all, neither the pleasure nor the fuss can make up for all their former troubles—just because of all

this I want you to act differently, and to believe more in real work than in chance success. It must be put a stop to some day, and the only question in such cases is how soon, and after how many disagreeables; and that is just the point where a publisher may be of so much value and importance to an artist. Universal applause brings them all to the front, of course; but I feel that you would be just the man to reform this state of things, and bring about one which should be at once ideal, practical, and just. Pray forgive my boldness, and if possible fulfil my request. As far as I understand, a large remuneration is of no consequence; the most desirable thing is that you should write in a friendly and artistic tone, and that the works should be published and be well diffused. And finally, if you are willing and able to carry out the matter, please to keep my share in it, my name, and my request, *completely secret*. How happy it would make me if I were to hear from him before long that you had written to him, and made him a kind offer to publish some of his new songs and pianoforte pieces! But after all, perhaps you will only say "What does this idle composer and still more idle correspondent mean?" In my correspondence I certainly have improved, as may be seen from this, and in the former I mean to improve very soon, and shall assail you with music-paper (as soon as it is well filled), and beg you, in my own name, what I have begged so earnestly and fervently for my friend. Always yours faithfully,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

The following extract from a subsequent letter of his from Berlin to Simrock also deserves a place here:—

If ever I was agreeably surprised by a letter, I was so by yours which I received here yesterday. The kind and quick fulfilment of my wish, and the large sum which you send me for my "Songs without Words"—I really do not know how to thank you enough, or express the great pleasure you have given me; I must confess I had hardly expected so hearty and complete a response as your immediate reply to my letter, and I am now doubly glad that I took a step from which, even as I wrote, I was very nearly withheld by false shame, and by that fatal worldly-wise maxim about not meddling with other people's affairs. I feel that your conduct, as exemplified in your yesterday's letter, only confirms me afresh in what I believe to be good and right, so I shall hang up the much-vaunted worldly wisdom on a nail, and go straight ahead, following my own first impulses and feelings. Even if I fail a hundred times, one *such* success is ample amends.

We composers, though possibly more inclined than other artists to devour each other (which lies in the nature of things), are still not so bad but what we often do one another such services as Men-

delssohn did me by means of this letter. But this was done without any encouragement—quite secretly—without the possibility of receiving any thanks, much less a future return—even without the satisfaction of having patronized me. Perhaps it is just the secrecy of the service rendered which makes it a thing so rarely heard of. But nobody who has not made the experience can imagine the overpowering, elevating feeling it gives one to hear of such a deed long after the death of a friend.

The following letters I received soon afterwards from Berlin and Leipsic:—

BERLIN, 8th October, 1842.

DEAR FERDINAND,— We arrived here quite safe and well, but still it seems to me as if it were already centuries since I left the "Fährthor," and as if Berlin were a thousand miles from Frankfort. There's nothing worse than travelling north in the autumn; for the yellow leaves, and the bare trees, and cold blasts, and hot stoves, seem to come upon one quicker and quicker till one is right in the midst of them, and then one sees the court carriages all out, and eats sour grapes and bad nuts, and wastes a deal of breath in grumbling over them, and at the same time bores oneself and everybody else but— Oh dear, I am already falling back into the old Berlin strain! But why is everything better in the south? The people, the fruit, the weather, the country, and everything? Your wife won't hear of its being so—but that doesn't alter it. At Leipsic I was told that there had been a musical morning-soirée at Ferdinand Hiller's last Sunday, with Herwegh and other notabilities. And then, as I said before, it did seem to me no end of a time since I left the "Rothmännche,"* though it was only three hours before the said morning-soirée, but I was already at Langenselbold whilst the "Rothmännche" was resounding with good fine music. This is really a business letter, though you may not think so. I was at S.'s yesterday about your message. He says he will have your songs engraved, and then, when he gets your answer he will be able to publish them in six weeks, with a German translation, which we both thought desirable; if you are satisfied with the whole arrangement, he begs that you will fix the day of publication for him and for Ricordi. He made difficulties about engraving the Cello Sonata, because he has just now got to engrave the whole of Halévy's "Queen of Cyprus," besides all sorts of arrangements and potpourris of it, and could not publish any large work at the same time; however, if you like, he will write to Ricordi, and order a hundred copies from him, and get him to put the name of his (S.'s) firm on the title-page, and then he will see that it gets known in

* The name of the house we then lived in at Frankfort.

Germany. I could not exactly make out what particular advantage this would be to you, but as he insisted, I was at last obliged to promise that I would write to you, and so I do it. If I have done wrong, send me your "Hattischerif," but without the bow-string. S. is the only publisher here (Z. is the essence of Berlin *Philistinism* bottled, and sprinkled over a music-shop), so he does what he likes, and you have to cringe if you want to get anything published in Berlin. The day before yesterday they gave Rossini's "William Tell" as a new opera, for the first time, to celebrate the grand wedding, &c. (What should I know about it?). They cut it down to three acts, and announced it "as arranged by the composer for the stage in Paris." Since then it has been the question all over Berlin every day, whether or not it is Rossini's true vocation to be a composer—that is to say, whether he has been able to rise to the level of dramatic music, and possesses the inspiration for it—whether, in fact, it was justifiable to choose such a subject, Schiller's tragedy being certainly a far more perfect work of art than this opera,—whether meanwhile, &c. &c. (Oh dear! how good the dinners at the "Mainlust" are!) Certainly the Philistinism of all the rest of Germany put together is nothing compared to this spiritual "Michel,"* this immortal Nicolai,† who blooms and blossoms in all discussions on art, and peeps out of every Berlin form of speech. But now I am tired of this dry tone, and must talk to your wife in Italian.

"ILLUSTRISSIMA SIGNORA! — S'io avessi voluto aspettare la esecuzione della sua promessa, voglio dire il ricevimento d'una lettera Italiana scritta da lei, io avessi potuto aspettare lungo tempo. Per questa ragione debbo far il cominciamento e domandarla come sta la vostra salute? Spero che il rhumo del quale Lei soffriva allora è partito lungo tempo fa, e che la sua voce è da capo chiara e bella come sopra. Il paese qui non mi piace a fatto; vado frà dubbio e sospiri, navigando in un mar di pene, senza ramie senza vele. Vorrei aver il coraggio di dir al fine: così si fa; ma la mia indecisione è sempre più forte di me. Qualche volta vorrei sentirla cantare soltanto un quarto d'ora; darei in cambio tutte le opere del Teatro Reale, dove si ascolta un canto pessimo. Adesso voglio finire. La mia moglie gli fa cento complimenti e pregandola di scusare gli sbagli che forse si troveranno nel mio stilo italiano, sono sempre con molta considerazione il suo umilissimo.

"FELICE MENDELSSONIO BARTHOLDI."

The fact is that after all I am a little ashamed of these last lines, on reading them over again this evening; but as I had to write to you directly, and in all the hurry of my arrival have no time for another letter, you

* "Michel" is the German "John Bull."

† Nicolai was rendered "immortal" by a work on Italy, solely remarkable for the wholesale way in which he abuses that country.

must excuse the old bad jokes, and remain my true old friends. Good-bye for to-day.

Always your FELIX M.

LEIPSIK, 19 January, 1843.

MY DEAR GOOD FERDINAND, — When your letter of the 16th of November arrived (it was the best and nicest that I have ever had from you, and not one has ever given me so much pleasure, or touched me much more), I determined at once to write to you the next day, and at the same time to thank your wife for her affectionate lines. I put it off a few days — and now what a terrible gulf there is between that time and this! * I have to thank you for a second letter since then, another proof of your true friendship and kindness to me. Till now I could not think of letter-writing, or I should have thanked you at once, and have already done so many times in my heart. But at first I could do nothing, at most read a few pages or so, and it was only some weeks afterwards, when I could occupy myself with any routine musical work, or with writing music, that I began to feel a little better, — but letters were not to be thought of, and the least conversation with my most intimate friends would bring back the dull, confused feeling in my head, a sort of stunned sensation, together with the sorrow. I have had to conquer it these last three days, the mass of business letters had accumulated to such an enormous degree; and having once begun writing I felt that I must at least send you a few words of greeting and thanks; it won't be much more to-day. You know my feelings towards you and yours, and the deep interest I take in your welfare; let me hear of it soon and often, for it always cheers me and gives me pleasure. Thank God, my wife and children are well, and I really ought never to do anything but thank Heaven on my knees for such happiness. When I am alone with them, drawing windmills for the children, putting the oboes and violas into the score, or correcting tiresome proof-sheets, I sometimes feel quite cheerful and happy again; but when I begin to think of other things, or have to see people, and also after the rehearsals or concerts which I had to go on conducting directly afterwards, it is as bad as ever. So I am never at home for anybody all day, except between three and four, and sit in my little study, which I have now arranged, and where I am most comfortable; it is the old nursery, which you will remember, just opposite the front door, with a beautiful view over meadows and fields towards the sunset. Schumann and David we see sometimes, A. hardly ever, for he really only lives and breathes for the Subscription Concerts, and I am very little good to those just now — and so the days slip on. May yours be all the brighter and happier! I hear of great Charity Concerts which you are giving, and also that your new work is soon to be performed. I hope you will soon tell me

* He had lost his mother on the 12th of December.

about it, and confirm the good news. You ask for details of my present position. The King of Prussia has allowed me to return here, and stay here till he wants me in Berlin; in that case I have promised to go back. I have since written to him, that until I am personally established in Berlin I wish to give up half my salary, and meantime will carry out all his instructions here. Thereupon he wrote to me here, that he was satisfied with this; he has also given me a new title, but otherwise there has been no change of any importance. In a word, I am only awaiting here what I was at first to have awaited in Berlin, namely, that I should be indispensably needed there. I still doubt whether that will ever be the case, and hope (more than ever now, as you may imagine) that the King of Prussia will allow the present state of things to continue. What made me specially cling to Berlin, what in fact produced that consultation, or rather combination, no longer exists now.

The interest of that bequest, which I petitioned for more than three years ago, for a school of music, has at last been granted, and now the official announcements will appear in the newspapers. I shall have to go to the Gewandhaus three or four times a week and talk about 6-4 chords in the small hall there. I am quite willing to do this, for love of the cause, because I believe it to be a good cause.

How thankful I am to you for counting me amongst those with whom you like to be, and how heartily I respond to all you say about it. Indeed, it could not be so with one, unless the other felt exactly the same about it. We think we shall not travel this year, and shall probably spend the summer here or at Dresden. Is there any hope of our seeing you here? You once spoke of it. Best and kindest remembrances to your wife from me and mine; thank her for her sympathy, and beg her to keep us a place in her heart, and think of us sometimes, as we do daily with fond affection of you both, in good and evil times.

Your FELIX M. B.

LEIPSIK, March 3rd, 1843.

DEAR FERDINAND, — Best thanks for your dear, good, kind, long letter, which gave me great pleasure; especially what you say about your Opera, and your own satisfaction with it, and its conclusion; you feel this now that your work is done, whilst others would only feel it on the day of performance, after receiving laurel wreaths and poems, and such like; but really the satisfaction can only be true and genuine when one has finished one's work. I am quite delighted with all that you say about it, and I have no doubt whatever that a work written in such a spirit, and from the depths of your soul, cannot fail to make an impression on your countrymen.

But it will not only meet with success, it will deserve it! — which in these days is saying ten thousand times more. How I look forward to it! Pray don't dream of letting the first performance be anywhere but in Frank-

fort; it would be the greatest mistake. You know how much importance I attach to one's native country; in your present circumstances I attach it also to your native town; they are fond of you there, they know all about you, and have to make amends for former slights in their behaviour towards you; and little as I should like to enforce this for the sake of making a bad thing pass for good, so much would I do it to ensure success for a good thing. Besides, all the theatres in Germany are at present in a bad state, so do not let yourself be deterred by any defect in your Frankfort theatre; rather try and improve it and all the others as well, by degrees. How can you wonder at N.'s success? They put all that into the newspapers themselves: and you who read them don't know what to think of it all, whilst I, meantime, am much better off, for I have become such a *Septembriseur* against all newspapers that I believe nothing, absolutely nothing, except what I see with my eyes on the music-paper, or hear with my ears. Unfortunately it is somewhat the same thing with Wagner; I am afraid that a great deal becomes exaggerated in that quarter; and those musicians whom I know to be conscientious people, increase my fear not a little. Still I have not yet heard any connected things out of his operas, and I always think that it must be better than people say. Talent he has most certainly, and I was delighted that he got that place, though even that made him enemies enough in the course of those few weeks, as I will tell you when we meet and go for a walk together at sunset.

Your question about your oratorio at Berlin you must explain to me more clearly; what do you mean by "being able to give a performance?" Do you want to give a concert on purpose, or do you merely want to give it a hearing at the Sing-Akademie or elsewhere? The subscription concerts here begin on the 1st of October; there is no regular musical season in Berlin before the middle of September; so that if you come as you say, towards the end of August and spend a few quiet weeks with us, here or in Dresden, it would then be the regular concert season. Now do carry this out, and fulfil these fine plans and promises as soon as the summer comes on. You remind me to take a good singing-master for our Music School. Please tell me if there is one to be found in Germany! Meantime I have had hard work to stop them from altogether doing away with the teaching of singing, which is almost more necessary than anything else. Thirty-four pupils have sent in their names, and the school is to be opened in the middle of April. Schumann will teach the piano, and so shall I. Next Thursday, as I hear, is the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Leipzig Subscription Concerts, and the orchestra is to have a supper. My symphony is out, and to be had since yesterday; Guhr did not say anything definite about it, or I should have sent it to him sooner. I hunted out that *Scena* for *Mdlle. Schloss*, for

her Benefit Concert, wrote a new Allegro to it, and so helped to make a full room. Otherwise it has little merit. I have written the Walpurgis Night all over again from beginning to end; in fact, it is altogether a different thing now, and a hundred times better. But I am still in doubt about having it engraved. Many remembrances to your wife from me and mine. Don't forget your FELIX.

LEIPSIK, March 25th, 1843.

MY DEAR FERDINAND, — If it be one of the evils of separation that good moods pass away before any answer can be made to them, it is one of its good points that bad moods also pass away before they can be answered. I hope this is so with my to-day's answer, and shall therefore not inquire much into your depression, but firmly believe that it has already gone by, and that you are as contented with yourself, with your work, and consequently with everything else, as I always wish you to be, and as you were in your first letter. Besides, if that sort of mood of cheerful contentment with himself and his works becomes habitual to a man, I look upon him as a regular Philistine, and believe that he will never do anything decent all his life long, so I don't complain of your despairing remarks. And when you declare that you have a real liking for any musical sphere of action, you meet with a hearty response from me and from all your friends and all musicians; and your insane misgivings about the "doubtfulness of your compositions" I shall again put down to the account of ungovernable fury, and not complain of that either, as it leads your thoughts to so desirable a result. And yet, to be candid, I do complain of it after all; and only hope that when you get these lines everything will look brighter and more rose-coloured.

I can write but little about myself, or anything else, just now. If the dear God will only grant me and all of us a happy Spring — then everything will go well again, even letter-writing. Now I can say and do very little, but always keep on thinking. If only the dear God would grant us a happy Spring. And because I don't want to go on repeating this in a letter, I will to-day only make haste and answer your questions. Do you mean that for a joke, what you say about the Director-general of the sacred music? or does it only sound so, without your intending it? You must know that I don't get the least thing for it but the title on paper, and nobody knows whether I shall ever get anything more. I neither have the right nor the wish to interfere in anything that goes on, or does not go on, in the way of music in Berlin. This much only do I know from all my experiences, that you would find it very difficult to give the oratorio in a concert of your own — it is difficult to supply the civilities requisite for inducing the chorus to sing, the money for getting the orchestra to play, and the unheard-of perfection which is necessary to make the public really interested; therefore it's better that the Sing-Akademie

should give it at their concerts, and you should conduct. Anyhow, you ought soon to communicate with Rungenhagen about it; I would gladly save you the trouble and bother of a correspondence with that Society, if, on the one hand, I were not already utterly weary of them, and on the other did not know that my recommendation would more likely produce the opposite effect, if any at all; because everything there is done in a sort of haphazard way, and according to that strange Berlin *je ne sais quoi*, by which nobody knows, nobody cares, but everybody rules, from the King down to the meanest porter and the pensioned drummer. As far as one can reasonably foresee, a letter from you to Rungenhagen would be the best thing at present; especially if you can therein refer to your conversation with Rellstab, and say something about his having advised you, and so on. But, as I have already said, business being chiefly carried on in an unreasonable way there, a different plan may perhaps be just as good — for instance, if you happened to know one of the managers, and could entrust the matter to him. If all this doesn't suit you, and you want me to write to him, then I shall have to do that too, and everything else that I can, to please you; but, as I said before, I think I could then answer for a failure, and their unbusiness-like and unartist-like style of procedure is almost more than I can stand. Forgive this philippic. I suppose I shall be in the right, whatever the newspapers say, good or bad. I am working at the music for the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with chorus, entr'actes, &c., and when I have done that I shall also finish the choruses for "Oedipus," which I have begun.

I know next to nothing about the "Tempest," so only a third of those reports, if even that, has any foundation.

You want me to write about Berlioz? A subject like that is far too vast and full of detail; besides even as to his success or non-success, his giving pleasure or not, there are so many different opinions. In the autumn, when you come here, I will tell you about it; now, if you would only be very curious, and come a week sooner! Best remembrances to your wife from us both. Farewell, and may we have a happy meeting! Your FELIX.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEIPSIK: AUTUMN OF 1843.

SINCE the accession of King Frederic William IV., who wanted to transplant Mendelssohn to his capital, the latter had often wavered between living at Berlin or Leipsic. He was drawn to Berlin by his promise, and to Leipsic by his inclinations. However, at the end of 1843 it was decided that the whole family should move to Berlin; and under these circumstances I received at Frankfort the flattering proposal that I should un-

dertake the direction of the Gewandhaus Concerts during Mendelssohn's absence. Though I saw very clearly that a temporary situation of that sort would have its difficulties, and how hazardous it would be to follow immediately after, or rather act as a substitute for, a conductor who was worshipped to the degree that Mendelssohn was, I still thought I could not refuse; for since my marriage, I had been longing for some regular, artistic occupation, such as my friend had long wished me to have, and a more interesting one than that now offered me at Leipzig could hardly be imagined.

So I crossed the Rubicon and the Fulda with a light heart, and on the 23rd arrived in Leipzig, where a few hours afterwards, whilst my wife was resting from the fatigues of the journey, I was present with Mendelssohn and other friends at a performance of "Samson," in St. Thomas's Church, under the direction of Hauptmann. The peculiar situation in which Felix and I stood towards each other caused a slight *gêne* that evening, but next day it entirely disappeared. He and David came to see me early in the morning; in the evening he accompanied me to a performance at the theatre, supped with us afterwards at the hotel, and was in such exuberant spirits, so gay and genial and communicative, that I felt how anxious he was to put everything on a smooth footing.

He confessed to Cécile and David that at the first meeting he had felt rather a pang at seeing the person who was to fill the place he so loved and gave up so unwillingly. How little this had disturbed his confidence in me he proved, by repeatedly telling me that it would not be impossible under certain conditions to fulfil the promises he had made to the King, and still retain his accustomed sphere of work at Leipzig. He even initiated me so far into the secret as to tell me the particulars of the conditions, and begged for my candid opinion on the subject. I could only advise him to agree to them.

He also gladly volunteered to play in the first concert which I conducted, and which took place on the 1st of October. He played his G minor Concerto, which David allowed me to conduct, although it was his duty to conduct all solos with orchestral accompaniment. It was the first time I heard the Concerto with orchestra, though I had known it in Paris. It made a most favourable impression on the public that he should thus initiate

my first appearance at the conductor's desk by taking a part in the concert, and it was thought to do honour to both of us.

A few days afterwards he went off to Berlin, without his family, to conduct the first performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." I followed on the 11th with David and the clever and good-natured Niels Gade, who had just come to Leipzig for the first time. The young prodigy Joachim also could not resist the temptation of going to hear this latest work of Mendelssohn's. On the 14th it was given for the first time, in the "New Palace." Mendelssohn joined us at dinner at the "Einsiedler" in Potsdam, after the rehearsal; he seemed very well satisfied, and we had a most lively and pleasant meeting.

The performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" enchanted me. The actors managed their parts capitally, even though Charlotte von Hagen, so lovely and popular, had rather more the air of the drawing-room or ballet, or both together, than of the elfin Ariel. The comic scenes were irresistibly amusing, and the *mise en scène*, especially the children's ballet, was quite poetic. But above all this, even above the great Shakespeare's verses, did I enjoy that wonderfully lovely music; that alone would be enough to stamp Mendelssohn for ever as one of the cleverest of Tone-masters and Tone-poets. The band played to perfection; Felix had had eleven rehearsals, and one saw what was possible with means like these under the direction of such a conductor.

It is characteristic of Mendelssohn's views of things that he should have been very much excited after the performance, and this from a twofold cause. It had been arranged according to his wish, that the whole thing, with the entr'actes, should be played without any pause whatsoever, as in his opinion this was indispensable for the proper effect. Nevertheless, not only was a long pause introduced, but this was made use of to offer all kinds of refreshments to the people sitting in the front rows and belonging to the Court, so that a full half-hour was taken up with loud talking and moving about, whilst the rest of the audience, who were quite as much invited, though perhaps only tolerated, were sitting in discomfort, and had to beguile the time as best they could. This disregard of artistic considerations, as well as common civility, so enraged Mendelssohn that he hardly

took any notice of all the fine things that we had to say to him.

A few days after I had returned to Leipsic, Felix also came back there. Musical life was in full flow: Gade gave us a new symphony, Schumann brought out his "Paradise and the Peri" for the first time, Mendelssohn played at a chamber concert, and we performed Bach's Triple Concerto a third time, Clara Schumann taking the first part in it. Mendelssohn's relations with that great artist had always been based on the most chivalrous affection, and I well remember a charming little incident illustrative of this, which occurred at a *matinée* at the house of our dear friend Bendemann the painter.

A large number of friends had been invited to hear Mendelssohn, Clara Schumann amongst them. Mendelssohn played Beethoven's great F minor Sonata; at the end of the Andante he let the final chord of the diminished seventh ring on for a long time, as if he wanted to impress it very forcibly on all present; then he quietly got up, and turning to Madame Schumann, said, "You must play the Finale." She strongly protested. Meanwhile all were awaiting the issue with the utmost tension, whilst the chord of the diminished seventh was hovering over our heads like the sword of Damocles. I think it was chiefly the nervous, uncomfortable feeling of this unresolved discord which at last moved Madame Schumann to yield to Mendelssohn's entreaties and give us the Finale. The end was worthy of the beginning, and if the order had been reversed it would no doubt have been just as fine.

The King of Saxony was present at one of the first of the Gewandhaus Concerts which I conducted. Mendelssohn arranged a great soirée in the Gewandhaus Concert-room in honour of the Grand-Duchess Helene, and also played to her on the organ. He was busy just then with a four-hand arrangement of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and I used to try it over with him as he finished each part. He put off his departure for Berlin as long as possible, evidently finding it very hard to separate himself from a circle which had become so dear to him.

In one of his very affectionate letters to me he once suddenly asked: "Do you really think we could ever quarrel? I think not." As far as I was concerned it seemed to me impossible. But, with a sorrowful heart, I must here mention the

fact, that it did come to a *brouille* between us, arising from social, not from personal, susceptibilities. I think we were both in the wrong, but no angry words passed between us, and certainly the matter would soon have been smoothed over if Felix had not gone to Berlin in the beginning of December. However, it put an end to our correspondence, even though Mendelssohn's feelings towards me remained unchanged; I heard this often enough, sooner or later, from mutual friends, as well as from his wife. In fact, I have just now, quite by chance, come across a letter which he wrote to his old friend, Professor Hildebrandt, at Düsseldorf, five weeks before his death, on the 1st of October, 1847, and which I cannot quote, because my doing so would look like the strongest self-praise. But I look upon this cessation of my intercourse with that wonderful man during his last years, even though it was only an external separation, as one of the greatest losses which I have sustained in my agitated life.

On my way to Düsseldorf, where I had accepted the post of musical director, I came to Leipsic on the 11th of November, 1847, a week after Mendelssohn's death. Cécile received me with tearful eyes wonderfully calm, and her lovely features transfigured with grief. She told me that even during his last illness Felix had often spoken of me and of my appointment to Düsseldorf with the greatest sympathy. In the evening there was a concert at the Gewandhaus to his memory. "The saddest thing," says George Sand somewhere, "after the death of a beloved being, is the empty place at table." I had this same feeling during the concert. There stood the orchestra, the chorus; there was the audience, which for so many years had been inspired by Mendelssohn; they made their music and played and sang — and only a few days before they had followed his corpse to the church. I could hardly listen to the music — his last song, most touchingly sung by Madame Frege, is all that I remember of it. Indeed it seemed to me impossible that there should so soon again be music in that Gewandhaus Concert-room; but life must go on as usual, and the bereaved must again assemble for the accustomed musical feast!

A few years later, during a short stay in Berlin, I was one day dining with Mendelssohn's widow, surrounded by her charming children, and could not help

feeling deeply affected; the ingenuous bantering prattle of the children, the graceful, gentle way in which Cécile tried to check their high spirits, nearly overcame me. How much happiness was lost to him who had been taken from us — how much happiness those who were left behind had been robbed of!

Again after some years I returned for a few days to my native town. I had heard very sad accounts of the state of health of Mendelssohn's widow, who was then staying in Frankfort, and I feared the worst. It was on the 25th of September, 1853, I went to the house of Cécile's family and rung the well-known bell, which had so often answered to my touch when I went prepared for happy times there. In a few minutes Mendelssohn's mother-in-law, Madame Jeanrenaud, burst out of her room and opened the door for me. She was expecting Cécile's brother-in-law. "Oh, it is *you*, dear Mr. Hiller," she said in a gasping voice, with that frightful calm which often comes from despair, — "I have just lost my daughter!"

CONCLUSION.

THE mass of the public are in general not ill-pleased when to a certain extent it fares ill with great poets in words or in sounds. People pity their fate, but the misery which they have endured invests them with a certain interest. The outward radiance which shone around Goethe certainly procured him numerous opponents, and the advantageous circumstances which surrounded Mendelssohn from his birth are by many looked upon as blemishes.

"Le génie c'est la faim," said a Russian diplomatist to me one day. This absurd witticism meant nothing more than that a small amount of starvation is very wholesome diet for genius — but even that is false. Talent may be spurred on by it to the energy which is necessary for its development; but genius works by the force of nature, and the material difficulties with which it has to struggle are like rocks in the bed of a mighty stream; it dashes over them making lovely waterfalls as it goes.

The struggle for the bare necessities of life may be hard enough, but in itself it has no special merit. It is only the instinct of self-preservation, which also compels the day-labourer to work, and though the struggle may be more painful when the head is called into action instead of the hands, it is certainly not

more meritorious. Another kind of struggle is that against prejudice, against want of understanding, against jealousy, or whatever all such fine things may be called; but what champion of light can be spared this? More or less, everybody has to fight these battles, some sooner, some later, and in the midst of this second struggle it is far harder to preserve the desire for creating and the power of willing, than it is to resist the first one.

It is certainly very unfortunate, when, as often happens, both struggles are combined. Whether the increased admiration which is paid to any one who has made his way in the face of want, is perfectly justified, remains to be seen. Anyhow, it certainly depends very much on the manner in which he fights.

Perhaps even a stronger, because a more independent, force of will is needed to produce great things out of wealth than out of poverty. Who has not known men of remarkable gifts, varied knowledge, overflowing eloquence, who — I will not say by the force of genius, but by superior gifts of mind — would have been able to produce great things for the public benefit, if the world had not gone "too well" with them. When people bring riches and position into the world with them, all that remains to be acquired of this world's goods is fame, and it is not every one who is born to that. Contact with the public, to say the least of it, is unpleasant — it is like the wind which fans the large flame, but extinguishes the small one — and the thankless work, which even genius has to do, the self-sacrifice which she requires from so many sides, frightens many away, whilst the feeling of duty which demands that something should be done for the benefit of society, if one has the stuff for it, is much less often found than could be wished for the honour of mankind. Therefore, when an artist like Mendelssohn devotes his whole strength to giving even his smallest songs that perfection which always hovered before him as his ideal, when he strains his full power and knowledge to advance all that is best in his art on every side, he deserves no less acknowledgment because he happens to be in a position free from all material cares, than if he were compelled to wait for the reward of his work in order to pay his debts. Or is that preference for misery the unexpressed feeling, which in fact ought never to be expressed, that it is too much of a good thing when outward prosperity

is united to the happiness of possessing the poetic creative faculty? Such a preference must surely arise from error. The satisfaction of a man who forcibly conquers mean cares must surely be much greater than that of one who never felt them.

Be this as it may, the spectacle of those spiritual warriors, who, like the heroes in Kaulbach's "Battle of the Huns," do not touch the earth, but strive for victory in the clouds, is at any rate more gratifying than that of those who fight on the earth and raise clouds of dust. They themselves are works of art; their bright forms are beautiful, apart from the palm-branches which wave before them; and one ought to feel the proudest pleasure that fate succeeds, though it be but seldom, in bringing forward a thoroughly free man.

Felix Mendelssohn was a bright being of this nature. Gifts of genius were in him united to the most careful culture, tenderness of heart with sharpness of understanding, playful facility in everything that he attempted, with powerful energy for the highest tasks. A noble feeling of gratitude penetrated his pure heart at every good thing which fell to his lot. This pious disposition, pious in the best sense of the word, was the secret of his constant readiness to give pleasure and to show active sympathy.

Were it conceivable that all his works should perish, the remembrance of his poetic nature would alone suffice to afford the German public the great satisfaction of thinking that such a being was born in their midst, and bloomed and ripened there.

How gloriously the Greeks would have honoured and praised him as a chosen favourite of Apollo and the Muses! For "all the highest things are free gifts from the gods."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A ROSE IN JUNE.

CHAPTER VII.

"It does not seem possible," said the Rector, slowly; "and yet somehow I cannot help thinking sometimes that I must be going to die."

"Herbert!"

"It is very curious—very curious—my reason tells me so, not feeling. I myself am just what I always was; but I

think the symptoms are against me; and I see it in Marsden's looks. Doesn't he say so to you?"

"Dear," said Mrs. Damerel, with a trembling voice, "he does not conceal from me that it is very serious; but oh, Herbert, how often have we seen even the children at death's door, and yet brought back!"

"At death's door," he said, reflectively; "yes, that's a good expression—at the door of something unknown. Somehow it does not seem possible. One can believe it for others, not for one's self. The idea is very strange."

Mrs. Damerel was a good, religious woman; and her husband was a clergyman. She did not feel that this was how he ought to speak at such a moment, and the thought wrung her heart. "Dearest," she said, growing more tender in her grief and pity, "it is a thing we must all think of one time or another; and to you, who have served God faithfully, it must be something else than 'strange.'"

"What else?" he said, looking up at her. "I might say confusing, bewildering. To think that I am going I know not where, with no certainty of feeling that I shall ever know anything about it; that I am no longer a free agent, but helpless, like a leaf blown into a corner by the wind—I who for very nearly fifty years have had a voice in all that was done to me. My dear, I don't know that I ever realized before how strange it was."

"But—you are—happy, Herbert?" she said, in a low, imploring voice.

"Happy, am I? I don't know—why should I be happy? I know what I am leaving, but I don't know what I am going to. I don't know anything about it. Something is going to happen to me, of which I have not the least conception what it is. I am not afraid, my dear, if that is what you mean," he said, after a momentary pause.

This conversation took place weeks after the departure of Edward Wodehouse, and the end of that first flowery chapter of Rose's life. Her parents had not thought very much of her feelings, being concerned with much weightier matters. It had been a very long, lingering illness, not so violent as some fevers, but less hopeful; and the crisis was over, but the patient did not mend. He was dying, and his wife knew it; and, though no one as yet had made the solemn announcement to him, he had found it out. He was very weak; but his mind was not at all impaired, and he could talk, with

only a pause now and then for breath, as calmly as ever. It was a curious spectacle. He was gathering his cloak round him like Cæsar, but with sensations less satisfied and consciously heroic. Mr. Damerel was not a man to be indifferent to the necessity of dying fitly, with dignity and grace, but he had confidence in himself that nothing would disturb the folds of his robe at that supreme moment; he knew that no spiritual dread or cowardice would impair his fortitude; it was not necessary for him to make any effort to meet with dignity the unknown which was approaching; and his mind was at leisure to survey the strange, unexpected situation in which he found himself — going to die, without knowing what dying was, or how it would affect him, or where it would place him. I do not know, though he was a clergyman, that there was anything religious in the organization of his mind, and he had never come under any of those vivid influences which make men religious — or, at least, which make them fervent religionists — whatever may be the constitution of their mind. Mr. Damerel was no sceptic. He believed what he had been taught, and what he taught in turn to others. His mind was not doctrinal or dogmatic, any more than it was devout; but he believed in the broad truths of Christianity, in some sort of a heaven, and some sort of a hell. These beliefs, however, had no effect upon his present state of feeling. He was not afraid of the hereafter; but his mind was bewildered and confounded by the contemplation of something close at hand which he did not know, and could not know so long as he retained consciousness of this only world with which he was acquainted. He was absorbed by the contemplation of this mystery. He was not thinking of his sins, nor of reward, nor of punishment, nor of rest from his labours (which had not been many). In short, he did not consider the great change that was about to take place upon him from a religious point of view at all, but rather from one which was at once natural and philosophical. I should not like to blame him for this, as, perhaps, some people will do. When we have lost much that made life sweet; when our friends, our children, have gone before us into the unseen country; then, indeed, the heart learns many longings for that world in which alone there can be reunion and explanation of life's sore and weary mysteries. But this was not Mr. Damerel's case. There was no one wait-

ing for him at the golden gates; except, perhaps, those whom he had long forgotten, and who had gone out of his life. He was departing alone, the first of his generation; curious and solitary, not knowing where he was going. To God's presence; ah yes! but what did that mean?

"All the same, my dear," he said, cheerfully, rousing himself, "we must not make ourselves wretched about it. A thing that happens to every man cannot be so very bad; and, in the meantime, we must make the best of it. I ought to have thought of it, perhaps, more than I have done."

"Oh, Herbert! God is very merciful," said his wife, who was crying softly by his side.

"Yes, yes, that is quite true; but that is not what I was thinking of. I ought to have thought of what would follow in case of this happening which is about to happen. I ought to have tried to save; but how could I have saved out of the little pittance we had?"

"Dear, don't think of such things now."

"But I must think upon them. I have never had any extravagant tastes, and we have always lived very quietly; but I fear you will find a difference. What a blessed thing that you are the sort of woman you are! The struggle will not fall so heavily upon you as upon most people. Incledon, of course, will marry Rose —"

"Oh, Herbert! what does all this matter? Do not think of it. I would so much rather hear you speak of yourself."

"There is nothing to say about myself; and, perhaps, the less one thinks, in the circumstances, the better; it is a curious position to be in — that is all that one can say. Yes, Incledon will marry Rose; he will make her a very good husband. Do not let it be put off from any regard to me. He will be a great help to you; and you may trust him, I should think, to settle about the boys. Lay as much upon him as you can; he is quite able to bear it. If one had foreseen this, you know, there are many things that one might have done; but — curious!" said the Rector, with a smile, "I can't believe in it, even now."

"Oh, Herbert, it is never too late for God! Perhaps your feeling is the right one. If he would but give you back to us now!"

"No, no; don't think there is anything prophetic in my feelings, my dear. You

may be sure every man is like me, more or less," said Mr. Damerel. "I know we must all die; only it is impossible in respect to one's self; I am myself you perceive just as much as ever; and yet tomorrow, perhaps, or next day—there's the wonder. It makes one feel giddy now and then. About the boys; I have always felt that one time or other we should have to decide something for the boys. Leave it to Incedon; he is a practical man, and will know what to advise."

"Dear Herbert, if you can talk of it—oh, how much better it would be to tell me what *you* wish, that I might be guided by your own feeling—than to refer me to any one else!" said Mrs. Damerel, crying, kissing his hand, and gazing with wet eyes into his calm face.

"Oh, talk; yes, I can talk, but for a little catching of the breath, the same as ever, I think; but the boys are a troublesome subject. Leave it to Incedon; he knows all about that sort of thing. I think now, perhaps, that I might sleep."

And then the curtains were dropped, the watcher retired a little out of sight, and everything was subdued into absolute stillness. Mrs. Damerel sat down noiselessly in the background, and covered her face with her hands, and wept silent tears, few and bitter. She had felt him to be hard upon her many a day; she had seen what was wanting in him; but he was her husband, the first love of her youth, and her heart was rent asunder by this separation. She had enough to think of besides, had she been able; she had poverty to face, and to bring up her children as best she could in a world which henceforward would not be kind and soft to them as it had been hitherto. Her soul was heavy with a consciousness of all that was before her; but, in the meantime, she had room for no distinct feeling except one—that her husband, her love, was going to be taken from her. This tremendous parting, rending asunder of two lives that had been one, was more than enough to fill all her mind; she had room for nothing more.

And he slept, or thought he slept, floating out of the vague pain and wonder of his waking thoughts into strange, vague visions, dimmer still, and then back again to the fancies which were waking and not sleeping. There was a dim impression of painfulness in them, rather than pain itself; wonder, curiosity, and that strange sense of an absolute blank

which makes the soul giddy and the brain swim. Sometimes his mind seemed to himself to wander, and he got astray somehow, and felt himself sinking in an unfathomable sea, or striving to make his way through some blackness of night, some thorny wood in which there was no path. I suppose he was asleep then; but even he himself scarcely knew.

When he woke it was evening, and the lamp, carefully shaded, had been lit at the other end of the room. He liked the light; and, when he stirred and spoke, the watchers made haste to draw back the curtains. The serene evening sky, full of soft tints of reflection from the sunset, with breaks of daffodil light melting into ineffable soft greenness and blueness, shone in through the uncurtained window, which he liked to have left so, that he might see the sky. Rose and her mother, close by the bright circle made by the lamp, were, one of them preparing some drink for him, the other opening a new bottle of medicine which had just been sent. Though it was all so familiar to him, the fact that he was to go away so soon seemed to throw a strangeness over everything, and gave a bewildering novelty even to the figures he knew so well.

"More of Marsden's stuff," he said, with a low laugh; and his own voice sounded far off to him, as he lay looking at that strange little picture—a distant view of the two women against the light, with the sky and the window behind; somebody's wife and daughter—his own—his very Rose, and she who had been his companion since his youth. Strange that he should look at them so quietly, almost with an amused sense of novelty, without any tragic feeling or even pain to speak of, in the thought that he was going away shortly and would see them no more. He fell to thinking of a thousand things as he lay there watching them, yet not watching them. Not the things, perhaps, that a dying man ought to think of; little nothings, chance words that he had forgotten for years, lines of poetry, somehow connected with his present condition, though he did not remember the links of connection. "The casement slowly grows, a glittering square," he said to himself, and made an effort to think whence the line came, and why it should have at this moment thrust itself into his mind. Then he fell altogether into a poetic mood, and one disconnected line followed another into his mind, giving him a vague sense of melancholy pleas-

ure. He said one or two of them aloud, calling the attention of his nurses—but it was not to them he was speaking. Finally, his mind centred on one which first of all seemed to strike him for its melody alone—

Who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,

This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

He said this aloud once or twice over. "To dumb forgetfulness a prey!" that is not my feeling—not my feeling; the rest is very true. Gray does not get half justice now-a-days. How it satisfies the ear, flowing round and soft! "To dumb forgetfulness!" now I wonder what he meant by that?"

"You are better, papa," said Rose, softly. Her mother stayed behind, not able to speak; but the girl, in her simplicity, thought the poetry "a good sign."

"No, Rose. 'Dumb forgetfulness,'—it is not that, child; that is not what one fears; to be sure there is a coldness and blackness that might chime in with the words. But the rest is true, 'The warm precincts of the cheerful day;' warm is a living word altogether; it is not warm out here."

"I will put the quilt on the bed," said wistful Rose, thinking he complained of cold.

"No," he said, roused, with a gentle laugh; "the quilt will do nothing for me; I am not cold—not yet; I suppose I shall be presently. Is your mother there? My dear, help me with your experience. I dislike cold so much; does one feel it creeping up before one dies?"

"Oh, Herbert, dearest!" said his wife, heart-broken. What could she answer to such a question?

"Nay, I don't want to make an unnecessary fuss," he said; "it is only a curiosity I have. Cold creeping up—it is disagreeable to think of it. What! have I more medicine to take? What does Marsden mean by sending me his detestable compounds still? it will only make your bill the larger, and me the less comfortable. I will not have it; take it away."

"It is something different," said Mrs. Damerel. "The doctor thought, perhaps, it might be worth trying."

"Is it the elixir of life?" said the patient, smiling; "nothing short of that would be worth trying; even that would be

too much trouble for the good. It would be folly to come back now when one has got over all the worst of the way."

"You do not feel worse, Herbert?"

"Oh, no; when I tell you the worst is over, my anxious Martha! I am curious—curious—nothing more. I wish I could but tell you after what sort of a thing it was. Sit down by me, and give me your hand. Rose, you will be good; you will do everything your mother says?"

"Oh, Herbert!" said his wife, "do not think of us—if it has come to this—think of yourself, think where you are going—to God, Herbert, dearest, to be happy beyond anything we can think."

"Is it so?" he said, still smiling. "I don't know where I am going, my dear, and that is the only thing that gives me a little trouble. I should like to know. I am not afraid of God, who has always been far better to me than I deserved; and I hope I know the way of life." This he said with a momentary seriousness which was quite exceptional. Then he added, in the musing tone which to his anxious watchers seemed almost a gentle delirium, "But think, my dear! to be sent even into a new place, a strange town, in the dark, without any direction—without knowing where to go, right hand or left." He gave a little, soft broken laugh. "It is the strangest way of dealing with curious inquisitive creatures like men. I never realized it before."

Here some one appeared, beckoning behind the curtains, to say that Mr. Nolan was in the next room. The Curate came daily, and was always admitted. Rose went softly out to meet him, and almost dropped into the kind man's arms in her exhaustion and excitement. "He is talking so very strangely," she said, the tears running down her pale cheeks. "Oh, Mr. Nolan, I think he is wandering in his mind! Should I send for the doctor? To hear him speak is enough to break one's heart."

The good Curate put her in a chair and soothed her, smoothing her pretty hair, with unconscious tenderness as if she had been a child. "Don't cry, dear," he said; "or rather, do cry, poor child, it will do you good; and stay quiet till I come back."

Rose did what she was told with the docility of helplessness. She lay back in the chair, and cried softly. In this new strait she was as a child, and all the

child's overwhelming sense of desolation and half-superstitious awe of the terrible event which was coming, weighed down her heart. Pity, and terror, and grief mingled in her mind, till it seemed unable to contain so much emotion. She sat and listened to the low voices in the next room, and watched the side gleam of light which came from the half-open door. The very world seemed hushed while this drama came to its conclusion, and there was not a sound without or within but the soft movements in the sick-room, and the low voices. How many new experiences had come into her simple life in so short a time! Darkness overshadowed the earth already, so that her pleasant pathway in it seemed lost; and now here was Death, that visitor who is always so doubly appalling the first time he enters a peaceful house.

"Well, Nolan, you have come in time, for I am just setting out," said the Rector, in a voice stronger than it had been, his anxious wife thought. "Why, man, don't look so grave; and you, my dear, don't cry, to discourage me. Set me out on my journey a little more cheerily! I never thought much about dying people before; and mind what I say, Nolan, because it is your work. Of course, to those who have never thought about such matters before, religion is all-important; but there's more in it than that. When a man's dying he wants humouring. Such strange fancies come into one's head. I am not at all troubled or serious to speak of; but it is a very odd thing, if you think of it, to set out on such a journey without the least notion where you are to go!"

And he laughed again. It was not harsh nor profane, but a soft laugh, as easy as a child's. I do not know why it should have horrified the attendants so, or what there is wrong in a laugh so gentle from a death-bed; but the hearers both shivered with natural pain and almost terror. They tried to lead him to more serious thoughts, but in vain. His mind, which had been serious enough before, had got somehow dissipated, intoxicated by the approach of the unknown. He could think of nothing else. A certain levity even mingled in his excitement. He asked questions almost with eagerness—questions no one could answer—about the accessories of death. He was curious beyond description about all that

he would have to go through. "What a pity that I shall never be able to tell you what it is, and how I liked it!" he said, reflectively; "at least until you know all about it, too—we can compare notes then." He would not give up this kind of talk. After the prayers for the sick, which Mr. Nolan read, he resumed the same subject; and if it is possible to imagine anything that could have made this terrible moment of her life more bitter to poor Mrs. Damerel, I think this would have been the one thing.

"Are his affairs in order, do you know?" said the doctor, after paying his late visit, as the Curate accompanied him to the door. He had just given it as his opinion that his patient could not see another morning; and Mr. Nolan had made up his mind to remain at the Rectory all night.

"I shouldn't think it. He has never taken much trouble with his affairs."

"Then don't you think you could speak to him even now? I never saw a man so clear-headed, and in such possession of his faculties, so near—Speak to him, Nolan. He knows exactly how things are, and no agitation can harm him now. He must have some wishes about his family—some arrangements to make."

Mr. Nolan restrained with difficulty an exclamation that rose to his lips, and which might have sounded unkind to a dying man; and then he asked abruptly, "Do you find, in your experience, that people who are dying are much concerned about those they leave behind?"

"Well, no," said the doctor, doubtfully; "I don't think they are. Self gets the upper hand. It is all Nature can do at that moment to think how she is to get through—"

"I suppose so," said the Curate, with that seriousness which naturally accompanies such a speculation. He walked with the doctor to the gate, and came back across the plot of shrubbery, musing, with a heavy heart, on the living and on the dying. It was a lovely starlight night, soft and shadowy, but with a brisk little questioning air which kept the leaves a-rustle. Mr. Nolan shivered with something like cold, as he looked up at the stars. "I wonder, after all, where he is going?" he said to himself, with a sympathetic ache of human curiosity in his heart.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE REPLY OF ACHILLES TO THE ENVOYS OF AGAMEMNON.

PREFACE.

THE Greek hexameter, under the hand of Homer, is in my opinion the most efficient and flexible of all known metrical instruments. Meeting every need, surmounting every difficulty as it proceeds, it presents to our view the most comprehensive and varied range of beauties. For this among other reasons it is that his translators, as I am but too conscious, lag so wofully behind him: they have no vehicle at their command in the slightest degree comparable to his. They may have their favourite measures, and each of them, nowadays, may gallantly break a lance for his own; but it is, after all, a Dutch auction, every one of them bidding downwards for the smallest degree of failure. For my own part, with reference to this business of rendering Homer in another tongue, I have involuntarily conceived of the Poems as a fortress high-walled and impregnable, and of the open space around as covered with the dead bodies of his Translators, who have perished in their gallant but unsuccessful efforts to scale the walls.

I do not mean to imply that on this account the attempt should no more be made. On the contrary, it seems that if any such endeavour can carry into another language, and into the minds of those who speak it, some few rays of light not before transmitted, the attempt, though humble, and as to the chief aim ineffectual, is justified by the result.

On account, however, of the necessarily narrow limits of success in such an undertaking, there is, as I think, more to be said for the daring and celebrated experiment of Pope, than could have been urged in justification or apology if he had been practising upon any other author. He has done to the text of Homer what the French Government of 1848 said it would do for the Treaty of Vienna—he has taken it for his point of departure: he has built upon that text, line by line, a different, and of course immeasurably inferior, but yet a remarkable poem of his own, into which he has transfused much Homeric light. Or perhaps it should be said that, casting the materials of Homer into the crucible of his own mind, he has both mechanically and chemically readjusted them, and has produced them to the world in a mould, and with a tissue, altogether peculiar to himself. The re-

sult, however, is that, while his is perhaps the most inexact and licentious translation in existence of any poem, it is likewise perhaps the most successful. It has taken a place in literature, from which it seems reasonable to prophesy that it will never be deposed. It fastens itself alike on the imagination and the ear, both of childhood and of maturity. Was there ever so signal a testimony rendered to the power of a work purporting to be a translation, as that of Mr. John Stuart Mill, who states, in his Autobiography,* that, when a boy, he perused it from beginning to end between twenty and thirty times! Nor is it possible to conceive a contrast more discouraging to virtuous drudgery, than that which may be drawn between the brilliant literary libertinism of Pope, and the patient industry of Voss—

Qui verbum verbo curavit reddere fidus
Interpres,

who assists the student line by line and word by word, like a commentator; and whose translation is, like a posthumous cast, an exact image of the Poem, except the life of it.

In the case of the Speech of Achilles, the version of Pope is throughout polished, forcible, and splendid; though diffuse in parts, it is succinct upon the whole, and it is full of an interest which never flags. But the main question is, does it give to the English reader as much of Homer, and as little that is not Homer, as the case admits? And here the answer must be in the negative. The simplicity and thoroughly natural directness of Homer's manner disappear, and are replaced by a pervading tone of exaggeration. For the ebb and flow of passion, so marked in the original, is substituted an uniform Virgilian loftiness of march, a continuity of effort which is somewhat like a strain. Declamation, made to run all through the powerful sarcasm, much weakens its effect. At the same time a liberty reaching to lawlessness, both of insertion and of omission, may be observed. For the careful and stately courtesy of introductory verse, which gives Odysseus his full titles, together with a most characteristic epithet (*πολυμήχανος*), is substituted the single familiar vocative "Ulysses" (v. 307). Except as to the one word "to-morrow," verse 357 is skipped over. The line, "fighting with warriors on account of wives of theirs,"

i.e., of the sons of Atreus (v. 327), is at once clipped, enlarged, and mistranslated, into

For thankless Greece such hardships have I
braved,
Her wives, her infants, by my labours saved ;
as if Troy had been an invading power.
Into the simple request that Phoinix may
remain for the night, to sail in the morn-
ing, is foisted a very indifferent compli-
ment to the still vigorous elder :

His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in Phthia's friendly land.

But I can hardly choose a better test-
ing passage than the six fine lines relat-
ing to Thebes :

Not all proud Thebes' unrivalled walls con-
tain,
The world's great Empress on the Egyptian
plain,
That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand
states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred
gates,
Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars,
From each wide portal issuing to the wars.

Setting aside minor variations from the
text, we may observe that it makes no
mention of horsemen at all ; and that the
whole of the second and third of these
lines, except the single word Egyptian,
are an exaggerative interpolation. Or
take the line —

The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass.

But Homer's *χαλκός* is not brass, nor is
it shining ; his *πύλλος σίδηρος*, grey iron,
is not steel ; and his gold, which has no
epithet attached, is not ruddy. All these
errors except the common misrendering
of *chalcos*, are Pope's own.

These observations on Pope, which
would apply to his version very exten-
sively, are in truth in the nature of an
apology for treading ground once trodden
by so great a poet :

Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flevit alum-
nus.

And moreover generally, I feel the neces-
sity of an apologetic tone in presenting
an effort, which may possibly be cen-
sured both as ambitious and as feeble.
One, however, of the points, in which
Homer seems to me to have been least
worthily appreciated, is that of his vast
oratorical power. This point should be
one of special interest to every native of
these islands ; because that oratorical
power is not vague or declamatory, but
lies specially in the line of debating ora-

tory — where complication and continuity
of structure are to be combined with
promptitude of conception and expres-
sion, and where every word, as it issues,
should go straight as an arrow to its
mark. This oratorical temperament of
Homer was closely associated with the
free political organization of the early
monarchies of Greece ; and it may be
traced even in some expressions of his
that seem casual, and perhaps odd, but
that are, if I mistake not, truly character-
istic, and because characteristic, inter-
esting. In my opinion, the stock phrase
of *ἔπεα πτερόεντα*, winged words, is not
meant to set forth the slight and transi-
tory character of human speech, which so
commonly

In vento et rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.

It is not the mere feather, but the wing,
which is described. It is not a random,
but a carrying force. The word is a
weapon, and bears its mission through
the air. So again in the quaint remon-
strance —

ποῖόν τοι ἔπος φέγειν ἔρκος ὀδόντων ;

"What expression is this, that has es-
caped the barrier of your teeth !" The
meaning is, "You have let slip part of
your treasure, you have misused a mighty
instrument, you have wasted power :
what should have been a great thing, you
have made a mean thing." It would be
easy to multiply proofs of the high esti-
mate in Homer's mind of the faculty of
organized speech. I will add only two or
three easy illustrations. One is, that the
epithet of *speaking* men, which he so
frequently employs, is not with him, as it
would probably be with us, a common-
place : it describes man by the attribute
which was for our Poet not only the most
obviously characteristic, but also one of
the very noblest. Next, the gorgeous
epithet *κλυταίερα*, glory-giving (but this
rendering is weak), is jealously confined
by Homer to the two arenas, the only two
in which man could then grow great —
the Battle and the Assembly. Lastly,
when the Horse of Achilles speaks by a
special gift, this is felt to be such a viola-
tion of the natural order (how different
were the conceptions of the Oriental tales)
that the Erinûs, or Vindictress, promptly
interferes, and arrests the action of the
voice. (Il. xix. 418.)

As debating oratory is distinguished
by the closeness and minuteness of its
applications, so perhaps for the full ap-
preciation of its exhibition in the Poems,

and especially in the Iliad, is required that close and minute handling of the text which, until recent times, was almost unknown, and in which we are still so greatly deficient. Hence it may be that our translators in general seem neither to have caught, nor to have been caught by, the specific character and the extraordinary merit of the Homeric speaking. They commonly seem to plod or gallop, as the case may be, alike through the Speeches and the ordinary text; as if such marvellous efforts, as the finest among them must be held to exhibit, were after all part indeed of the 15,711 lines of the Poem, and were nothing more. But in the great speeches, a spirit seems to seize the Bard which, according to the grand expression of Longinus, φοιβάσει τοὺς λόγους — we seem to have the fire among the ships carried into the Poet's mind. In lifting thus high the standard of trial, I may be preparing my own doom; but I think there may be a better chance of seizing and presenting the specific character of one among these orations, when it is approached singly, and its elevation can in some degree be measured, than when it is taken in the ordinary course, and approached upon the level.

To the Speech of which a version is here offered, I have prefixed a title as "The Reply of Achilles." And what a Reply! I know not where to look for its equal, in comprehensiveness, in force, in splendour, in sarcasm, and in subtlety.

Something, however, has to be said as to the moral groundwork of such a Speech, in order to secure its due appreciation. If I admit that Revenge is its dominant idea and aim, I seem to give up the case, so far as moral elevation is concerned. But here I come upon two main causes of misunderstanding, which must be brought into clear view. First, we suffer from the inveterate habit of judging Homer, not from himself, but through the later tradition. Secondly, we must remember that Christianity has practically shifted the poles of human life, and has brought down all the passions associated with pride to a different and lower level.

In the later tradition, the Wrath of Achilles is a hard and brutal, if not a sordid wrath; embodying a keen insatiable vindictiveness, and nothing else. But in the Iliad, Achilles has the deepest heart, and the most refined and courteous manners, united with his tremendous energy of passion. And the Wrath, which only

by its excess becomes wrongful, is fundamentally a reaction against wrong.

And here I come upon the change, which Christianity has wrought. From the time when the Redeemer of Mankind on the one hand glorified humility, suffering, and forgiveness, and on the other hand promulgated definitely and clearly to the world at large the doctrine of a ruling and a reckoning Deity, Revenge's occupation has been gone, and it has become not noble but simply bad and base. But in the days when the veil had not been lifted, and a belief in the Providential order was but weak and vague, each man was for himself the vindicator of the moral order; and those can never understand Achilles or the Iliad who do not keep this great law of his action in view. The fine gold of a strong determination to uphold the law of right against a base and sordid, as well as a violent invasion, is not the less truly precious, because to it there adheres some merely human dross.*

Now let us proceed to consider the situation of affairs which forms the framework of the Speech. The Achaian force, in the absence of Achilles from the field, has suffered heavily, is driven back upon the ships, and, at a melancholy nightfall, anticipates for the morrow a renewed, which may be also a fatal attack. An Embassy to the quarters of Achilles is decided on. Ajax and Odysseus are chosen to be the Envoys, as being the two Chiefs most acceptable to the mighty warrior; Ajax probably on the two grounds, first of relationship, and secondly, of a valour signal and splendid, but cast in a mould of blunt and almost animal simplicity, which can in no possible way vie with that of his great cousin; Odysseus, because a man with the mind of Achilles could not but do homage to the one transcendent Intellect of the Army.

They find Achilles in his encampment, singing the feats of bygone heroes to the music of his lyre, which he had reserved from the spoils of the city of Eëtion. After a courteous welcome, and the usual preliminary entertainment, business is opened by Odysseus in a long and a most skilful speech.

Beginning with a health to Achilles, and an allusion to his liberal hospitality, he proceeds to present a touching contrast in the dismal condition of the Army.

* Perhaps the finest case of revenge in our English literature is that of Othello: and it may be worth remark that he is a Moor.

He exhorts the great hero to interpose before it shall be too late. Afraid of assuming directly the office of a censor, he ingeniously introduces a tale, according to which Peleus had admonished his son, when about to set forth, to be on his guard against his own haughty overweening spirit. Following up this adroit stroke, and reckoning on its effect, he proceeds to detail in imposing series the gifts offered by Agamemnon (ix. 262-99); but offered, we must remember, without any confession of his fault, such as at the final Reconciliation he has to offer (II. xix. 134-9). In them is of course included the restoration of Briseis; and there is added a proposal that he shall choose, among the three daughters of the Sovereign, whichever of them he prefers to be his wife. Having thus by varied means done all he can to soften the obdurate soul, he makes his final appeal (300-5) in the name, and on behalf of the other Chiefs and of his fellow-countrymen at large, whom Achilles ought to distinguish from the guilty King; and makes it, lastly, in the name of the rich prize, the capture and destruction of Hector, which is sure to be his, inasmuch as that warrior will now, such is his present daring, not fear to come into the way of danger.

That wrathful Achilles, of whom some conceive only as of a big spoiled child, has reined himself in during this prolonged address; and now, opening the sluices of his eloquence, meets Odysseus at every turn, and beats him with his own arms. First, disclaiming all the arts of rhetoric, and blasting liars as with a thunderbolt, he slyly hits at his astute opponent by setting forth the merits of truth and directness in speech (I.). He then sets out the case in a homely, business-like, matter-of-fact way (II.): how can it answer to him, as a rational man, to have all the work and none of the pay; his energies tasked to their utmost, and then their great results overlooked in the day of distribution? Nay, not only overlooked, but while all other prizes are respected, he has been foully robbed of his. And here he comes in contact with the topic which sets his soul on fire. They who tore this prize, a woman, from him, are the very same who, for a woman's sake, in whom they were interested, have called all the children of Hellas to war and to banishment from home (III.). Is it possible to deal with men on such terms? He at least will not, now that he knows them: "fore-

warned is forearmed." And why, he asks with stinging sarcasm, should Agamemnon want Achilles, when he has been able to build and dig and fortify so much without him? But, as the appeal of Odysseus had described the forwardness of Hector, he is now reminded how little forward Hector was when Achilles used to take the field:

In this state of things he will depart next morning (IV.). Moreover, Odysseus may come and see him go if he likes! And, on the whole, he will be able to get on very well, in peace, at home. Such is the message he has to send; and he desires it may be given publicly before the Achaian Chiefs, that their indignation too may be at length aroused. This is his admirable, not too sharply pointed answer, to the appeal of Odysseus on behalf of the Army apart from Agamemnon. In expressing the hope that their indignation may be awakened, he reminds them that it ought to have been stirred before, when they stood by in silence, and saw him foully wronged.

All this time he keeps pent up within him a torrent of passion. He had passed through one climax of emotion, when it found vent in the contrast between his case with Briseis, and the case of the Atridae with Helen. He had closed the door again; but the flood rolled and swelled within him; and, as it rises, he is reduced, in the effort of repression, to abrupt and broken sentences (vv. 370-7). He sums up as to the person of Agamemnon, dismissing him with lofty scorn; and then he arrives at his other climax, in touching on the proffered Gifts (V. VI.). The wonderful lines which follow form the second climax of the Speech; and the two passages are, in very truth, the two summits of Parnassus. But still, while the Wrath rushes in streams of scorching lava, the subaltern action of sarcasm has its climax too. The word *Basileus*, which we render King, is one of singularly distinctive force and emphasis in the Iliad. In the great contention of the First Book (v. 186), Agamemnon had reminded Achilles of the superiority of his own station. And it was his boast and claim to be more royal, more a King than other chiefs. (II. ix. 69, 160.) In this hour of his exulting resentment, Achilles remembers all this, without too pointedly showing his remembrance, and suggests that Agamemnon shall confer the honour of the proposed alliance not on him but on some other Achaian, who is more a king than he.

He had met the sad description of the condition of the invading army by indications that it was likely to be worse; but he has not yet replied to the insinuation of Odysseus, so dexterously conveyed, respecting his haughty and unruly spirit. This he now proceeds to do by drawing a domestic picture (VII.) of a marriage for himself at home; this is all, he says, that is necessary to satisfy his haughty, his unruly mind (VIII.); so that, in the midst of towering pride and over-boiling passion, he is enabled to take credit for a quiet, unambitious, and contented disposition. So the close of the Speech is marked by a gradual but rapid fall of temperature. He advises that all should do as he does, all go home, and spare themselves what may be the chance of utter ruin, and must be at best ineffectual pains. He again refers the business of extrication from the dilemma to the Chiefs in general, who, by a blameworthy silence, had been its cause: and then, as if to show how completely he is reined in, he ends by a courteous invitation to his friend and old tutor Phoenix to be his guest for the night, and accompany him homewards on the morrow; that is, if he be wholly willing, for, as to constraint, such a thing is not to be thought of for a moment.

Let us now pass to the Speech itself; or so much, or so little of it, as can be seen in my translation.

THE REPLY OF ACHILLES.

I.

God-born offspring of Laertes,
Warrior rich in all resource:
It behoves me now in answer
Out to speak my blunt discourse;
How I mean, and how 'twill happen,
Be it well, or be 't amiss;
That ye buzz no more about me,
One from that man, one from this.
For I hate with perfect hatred,
Hate him like the gates of Hell, 10
Who within him one thought harbours,
While his lips another tell.
Not so mine. I plainly utter
What I truly hold for best.
Nor, I trow, will Agamemnon
Nor the Chieftains, move my breast.

II.

Pitilessly warring always
On the foe, it likes me not.
He that fights with might and main, and
He that carries, one their lot. 20
Equal honour crowns the caitiff
And the brave. The busiest fare

As the sluggard; death befalls them.

With the herd in all I share
Save the battle's daily peril,
And the soul that in me bleeds?
As the bird, with all she gathers,
Still her callow offspring feeds,
Careless though her plight be evil,
Ill her plight and sharp her needs; 30
Even so I, times unnumbered,
Wore my sleepless nights away,
And in fight from morn to nightfall
Spent as oft the bloody day;
All to win for them a woman,
Men, and brave men, smiting down.
Peopled cities twelve, with vessels,
Seawards have I overthrown:
Inland, over deep-loamed Troie, 40
Have I sacked eleven more.
Well; the heaps of precious chattels,
Won from each, I ever bore
For a gift to Agamemnon,
Son of Atreus. He, that still
Lagged beside the winged vessels,
Took them with a ready will,
Some assigned to Kings and Chieftains,
But the most himself retained.
Every King and every Chieftain,
All he got, he holds it still; 50
Me, alone of the Achaians
Me, to plunder was his will,
And he holds the wife I cherished:
Let his greed, then, have its fill.

III.

Ay; but why should we Argeians
Wage with Troy the deadly war?
Why did he, the Son of Atreus,
Bring the gathered folk from far?
Is it not for bright-haired Helen,
Trojan with Achaia strives? 60
What! Of speaking men, do none, save
Sons of Atreus, love their wives?
Every good man, every steadfast,
Loves and cares for his; so her
Loved I from my soul, and cherished,
War-won captive though she were.
Since, then, he hath once entrapped me,
When he seized my prize amain,
Let him try no more, Odysseus.
Now, I know him. 'Tis in vain. 70
Let him rather, with thy counsel,
And the Kings, thy brethren, search
How he best may from the vessels
Ward the foeman's blazing torch.
Nay, but he hath wrought without me
Much and well. His wall he made,
Dug his broad deep foss around it,
In the foss his palisade
Firmly set. Yet all too feeble
Murderous Hector's sweep to stay; 80
Who, so long as with th' Achaians
I, Achilles, faced the fray,
Never cared to bring the battle
From the sheltering walls away,
Scarcely to the Skaian gateway
And the oak his sally made;
There once met me, and mine onset
Nearly with his life he paid.

IV.

Now, 'tis changed. With royal Hector,
 Mark, I combat not again. 90
 But, to Zeus and all Immortals
 Victims first devoutly slain,
 I to-morrow charge my vessels,
 Haul and launch them on the main.
 Thou may'st see them — if thou wiltest,
 If thou car'st for such a sight —
 Over Helle's swarming waters
 Bound along in morning's light,
 And their crews of hardy rowers
 Ply the oar with eager might. 100
 Then if great Ennosigaios *
 Grant good passage o'er the foam,
 Three short days will serve to bring me
 To my fruitful Phthian home.
 Wealth abides me there, that, hither
 Senseless drawn, I left in store :
 More of gold and ruddy copper,
 Slender-waisted women more,
 Iron grey, I carry with me ;
 All that lot had given before. 110
 But my prize ! that Agamemnon,
 Son of Atreus, Lord, assigned,
 Insolent he ravished from me.
 Therefore, tell him all my mind
 In the face of all, I charge thee.
 Indignation so shall rise
 In the soul of each Achaian,
 If again his tricks he tries. —
 Truly he is ever clad in
 Shamelessness. — Dog, though he be, 120
 Look me in the face he dares not. —
 I forswear his company
 Both in counsel and in action. —
 Once he duped, once wrought me ill ;
 Words of his no more can cheat me. —
 Long enough he works his will.
 Pass he to his doom ; for surely
 Zeus hath done his wits to nought.
 And in sum, I hate his presents ;
 Him I prize not at a groat. 130

V.

Gave he ten times, gave he twenty
 What he gives, it would be vain ;
 If the wealth of all the wealthiest
 To appease me he could rain ;
 Could Orchomenos, could Thebai
 Their inflowing riches yield ;
 Egypt's Thebai, in whose mansions
 Matchless treasures lie concealed,
 And she boasts an hundred portals,
 And from every portal wide 140
 Twice an hundred horsed chariots
 Twice an hundred warriors guide.
 Ay, and were his offerings countless,
 Like the dust and like the sand,
 Not by them should Agamemnon
 Win my soul to his command,
 Of the biting shame he did me
 Till the price in full be got.

VL

With a child of Agamemnon,
 Son of Atreus, wed I not. 150
 If with golden Aphrodité
 She can match for Beauty's prize ;
 If with flashing-eyed Athené
 In her skill of toil she vies ;
 No, not then will I espouse her.
 Let him some Achaian try,
 That is nearer to his liking,
 And is more a KING than I.

VII.

Should the kindly Gods deliver
 And my safe returning grant,
 Peleus will be there, to find me 160
 And to give the wife I want,
 Bebies of Achaian maidens
 Hellas, ay and Phthia, bear,
 Sprung from chiefs the best and bravest,
 Wardens of their cities fair.
 I can surely, if so please me,
 Make a loving bridal there.

VIII.

Yes ; that haughty mind within me
 Much inclines at home to wed, 170
 And with fitting mate united,
 Partner of my lawful bed,
 Live at ease upon the riches
 That mine aged Sire did gain.
 What is all this flourished * City,
 All the gates of Troy contain,
 Were it as in peace she boasted,
 Ere Achaïans crossed the main ;
 What is all, that great Apollo,
 Archer Phoibos, safely locks 180
 In his stone-built fane's recesses,
 Mid the beetling Pythian rocks,
 Weighed against a life ? A foray
 Oxen yields, and fleshy flocks ;
 Store of caldrons, traffic ears, and
 Many a crest of chestnut horse ;
 But the soul of man returns not,
 Not by bargain, not by force,
 Once it passes from the gateway
 Of his lips. — My mother saith 190
 (Thetis, Goddess, silver-footed,) —
 That unto the bar of Death
 Either Fate of twain may bear me.
 Home shall never greet mine eyes,
 If I still beleagueur Ilios ;
 Yet my glory never dies.
 But, if homeward I betake me
 To my own dear land again,
 Perishes my wealth of Glory
 From the thoughts and lips of men ; 200
 Only, Death's dark goal receding,
 Length of days shall crown me then, —
 Yea, for all it is my counsel,
 Travel homeward o'er the wave ;
 Never shall ye see an ending,
 Since that, Ilion's height to save,

* One of the titles or names of Poseidon ; signifying Shaker of the Earth.

* "Out—through the fresh and flourished lusty vale." From the beautiful poem of Dunbar, "The Merle and the Nightingale."

Wakeful Zeus his hand outstretches ;
And its folk is waxen brave.

IX.

Go then, tell the news ye carry,
Speak as only Elders can,
To the Chiefs of the Achæians ;
Bid them shape another plan,
And a better, which may save them,
Fleet and men alike, from bale,
Thronged by the shapely Vessels ; *
Seeing this may nought avail
Which they fashioned ; I resenting
Still. For Phœnix, I would pray
Let him bide with me till morning,
Then to his dear land away
In my ships, if so it likes him,
Free to go, or free to stay.

210

220

W. E. G., 1874.

* I have advisedly adopted this rendering of *γλαφυρῆσαι* as referring to the shaped and finished or "carven" form of the ship rather than to its context. It is surely more in conformity with the later uses of the word.

From The Spectator.

THE WOMEN AND THE UNIVERSITIES.

THE Convocation of the University of London decided, by a majority of 83 to 65, to do all in its power for the admission of women to its degrees. Without the concurrence of the Senate, which is the governing body of the University, this resolution will take no effect, and it is even possible that the present Government, in spite of its hankerings after female suffrage, might decline to accede to a request of the Senate, should the Senate make the request, for the supplementary charter necessary to carry out the object of Convocation. But undoubtedly the great step has been taken in the conversion of the popular body of the University to the proposed change. We call it the popular body, though on most points it has undoubtedly been far more Conservative than the Senate ; indeed, it is now many years since the Senate were equally divided on the proposal to apply for the power to give degrees to women, and the proposition was lost only by the casting-vote of the Chancellor, who as usual with the owner of a casting-vote, gave it with the object of securing delay and reconsideration. It certainly does not follow that the Senate will be equally favourable to the proposition now. That body has since been reinforced by a considerable number of graduates, and amongst them not a few of the most conservative mem-

bers of the University, the London Doctors. It may, therefore, happen that for the present the vote of Convocation will remain for a time a dead-letter. But whether this be so or not, it will have its effect. When a body as Conservative as the Convocation of the University of London changes its mind, a like change of opinion in the middle-class of English society is not far off.

We heartily rejoice in the result. We said a fortnight ago that, under certain careful limitations as to age and the conditions of the examination, there appeared to us to be no plausible reason for excluding women from the same advantages of education, and the same testimonies to a good education, as men. What is to be desired is, that women may never be masculinized, — that they may never become as much exposed to the battle of life, and as much hardened by the battle of life, as men. Where a stronger and a weaker sex have to share between them the duties of life, it is very natural and very desirable that the more onerous and more rasping of human duties, those which involve most external toil and fag, should be taken by the stronger, while the weaker should accept those involving the most patience, tact, tenderness, and forbearance. Any change which led to an inversion of this relative position of the two sexes would be a very mischievous and dangerous change. But the question which the University of London had to discuss was whether the proposed admission of women to its degrees did endanger this result or not. It decided, rightly we think, that it did not, and should the Senate concur, we confidently believe that it will be possible to carry out the new policy without either bringing women into the full tide of individual competition, or encouraging them to overwork at an age when overwork may seriously injure their physical organization. If the age at which women are first admissible to degrees be made two or three years later than that for young men ; if the women be ranged in class-lists by themselves, though subjected to the same absolute tests of proficiency ; and if the Oxford class system, as distinguished from the Cambridge individualizing system, be always adopted in the examinations for honours, we do not see that any unfeminine stimulus whatever will be applied even to the education of the few who resolve on qualifying themselves for the London degrees ; and of course, considering the age at which

women marry and undertake absorbing household duties, we cannot doubt that the number of them will always continue to be indefinitely fewer than the number of men who enter for similar degrees. On the contrary, we believe that, in many directions, women who avail themselves of their new opportunities will gain not merely as human beings, but as women.

Take the most critical department of all,—surgery and medicine. It is because the medical profession believes that women will attempt to intervene in departments of that profession which are not fit for them, that they oppose their admission to medical degrees so strenuously. We cordially admit that there are many departments of surgery and medicine which are not well fitted for them, but women's delicacy will teach them as clearly what those departments are as it does already in hospitals, where the most refined ladies act as nurses. For how can their gain in knowledge and in the *evidence* of their knowledge,—for, after all, this is the most that the London University can directly give,—involve any loss in feminine qualities, or even be inconsistent with some accession to them? It might have been fairly maintained that some of the duties of nurses were duties which it was impossible for women to accept without some loss of delicacy, but that is just what the experience of generations has disproved. Women have always given these services, and have always gained new value in the eyes of men by the manner in which they have done so. Can it reasonably be maintained that when they have more accurate and scientific knowledge of the subject they are dealing with, their delicacy is likely to suffer even so much as it does when they are familiarized with the least pleasant of the hospital duties without attaching to them the same scientific meaning? Is it not matter of notoriety that what is coarse, or even vulgarizing work to one who attaches no physiological meaning or interest to it, carries to the trained surgeon or physician a meaning which diverts the attention from the vulgarizing accidents, and fixes it upon the causes and the results? And can any one doubt, then, that if a lady can take the distressing details upon herself without loss of delicacy, in spite of complete ignorance of what, in a medical sense, they imply, she can do so much more if she has the trained understanding of the physician, as well as the tender instincts of the nurse? If her

delicacy does not suffer by her duties as nurse, it can certainly not suffer by her duties as physician. No doubt this takes for granted that women will no more force themselves into painful and unfeminine positions in medical than in any other department of life. It is quite possible for a woman to be unfeminine in a drawing-room or at a ball, and of course it will be equally possible at a hospital or in a consultation. What we insist on is, that while the feminine qualities are of the first possible value, there is not even so much danger of physiological knowledge driving them away, as there is of the special services which women already take to themselves, not only in relation to general hospital work, but in relation to special classes of medical cases, driving them away. If the almost menial services of nursing, without scientific knowledge, do not spot the delicacy of women, we are very certain that the addition of scientific knowledge will decrease rather than increase the danger.

But, says the *Times*, these degrees, whenever they are gained, must lead women to desire to utilize them in professional life; with men, degrees are the gates to professional distinction,—how is it to be expected that they should be otherwise regarded by women? We should reply that, to a limited extent, it will be so, and ought to be so. The most effective external use made by men of degrees is to qualify them as teachers, and for this purpose we not only expect, but hope, that women also will use their degrees. Again, medical men use their degrees as guarantees of their possessing the proper knowledge of medicine, and the few women who are likely to practise medicine,—mainly, of course, in relation to the diseases of women and children,—will do the same. Again, science degrees may become very useful to a few exceptional women, as evidence of knowledge which will qualify them for appointments in certain of the scientific arts. But what we cannot understand is, why feminine tact cannot be trusted to discover for itself the various callings in which knowledge and the proof of knowledge may be put to good account, without any undue admixture of masculine forwardness, but must be protected by artificial hindrances put in the way of women's obtaining the proper attestation of their acquirements. We not only take no such guarantees where the danger is greatest,—in the case of the accomplishments of singing, dancing, and acting,—

but we freely allow women to compete on the stage with men in all sorts of unfeminine, and often really injurious capacities; for then our own amusements are at stake, and when men are to be amused, women may sacrifice their delicacy, and no one cares. Yet when we have such substantial guarantees for culture as true knowledge always gives,—and with culture, of course, partial guarantees also for capacity, judgment, and the humility which true knowledge brings,—the world cries out that woman's good-feeling cannot be trusted to keep within properly feminine limits, but must be further secured by refusing to feminine study and acquirements the accredited trademarks which we freely accord to those of men. Is a woman who knows a fair share of Latin, French, German, Mathematics, Literature, and Science really less to be trusted with the guidance of her own powers, than an empty-minded woman with a lovely voice or graceful and active limbs? Has true knowledge a refining and steadying, or a vulgarizing and intoxicating influence? If, as we all believe, the true earthly ideal of woman's character and man's character be a widely different ideal, will a good education be likely to deepen the insight into this instinctive difference in the minds of women, or to cancel it? If to deepen it, why object to give women the attestation of a good education? If to cancel it, why not at once *prohibit* the education of women beyond the dangerous point,—if there be such a point,—instead of merely refusing to give them the attestation that such an education has actually been received? For our own parts, we are very confident indeed that educated women will assimilate the feminine elements in literature for their own guidance, just as educated men assimilate the masculine elements, and become more true women, rather than less true women, as the result. It must not be forgotten that while men are not in the least likely to wish to have pushing and forward women for their wives, they do more and more look for a certain amount of intellectual sympathy as well as practical sympathy in their homes, and that no wife fails to gain influence by her ability to appreciate the character and culture of her husband's pursuits.

But then, it is said, there is sex in mind as well as in body, and therefore women's culture should follow a different path and aim at a different end from men's. That is all very pretty as a theory.

But as the two most thoughtful speakers in the recent debate in the University of London, Mr. Fitch and Mr. Osler, both showed, it is in the theoretical rather than in the practical stage of the question that such a statement takes the fancy. The University of London did its best to act on the theory. It drew up an examination for women intended to be a feminine equivalent for the matriculation examination for boys, with (originally) somewhat less of mathematical requirement, with a choice of Italian in the place of Greek, with a rather higher examination in English history and literature, and questions in physical geography not put to the young men, and with an alternative of Botany in the place of Chemistry. After all the difference was very slight, but what was most remarkable was this,—that, slight as it was, it had to be constantly attenuated. The young ladies hardly ever chose the alternatives of Italian and Botany. They complained of the smallness of the requirements in mathematics, and asked and eventually obtained leave to take up as much mathematics as the lads, with a compensating remission of the examination in one of their own feminine subjects. And the net result was, as Mr. Osler very justly said, that the difference between the girls' examination and the boys' is now a difference not in reality, but in name. Again, Mr. Fitch described very ably his own embarrassment as an Examiner in trying to discover what specially feminine aspect he could give to his questions in English History and Literature. Try as he would, he could not manage it. Of course, girls might show greater taste for one class of subjects and boys for another, but how was he to frame questions which would distinguish the feminine familiarity with English institutions and English poets from the masculine? After all, knowledge is knowledge, and there is no more a specifically feminine way of describing correctly the origin of the Lollard movement, or the character of Spenser's poetry, than there is a specifically feminine way of solving a quadratic equation or proving the 47th proposition of Euclid's first book. Women and men may and will assimilate somewhat different elements in the teaching they receive; but knowledge, after all, is one, and neither men nor women can know the same truth adequately without knowing it in the same way.

Look at it as you will, then, the result always comes out the same. The woman's

character is not, and ought never to be, the same as the man's. But you cannot distinguish between the foundations of a good education for a woman, and the foundations of the same education for a man. Moreover, once let a woman receive a good education and the proof of it, and you have more instead of less reason to expect that she will use the power it gives her with tact and delicacy, and make for herself with it a way in life different from, and yet complementary to, men's.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

AN ALSATIAN EXPERIMENT.

ON the 28th of January, 1798, the free city of Mulhouse was declared an integral portion of the French Republic "one and indivisible." In consequence of the strict blockade to which the town had so long been subjected, several of the most important manufactories were closed, and the population had dwindled down to 6,500 souls. Under the Consulate and the Empire, Mulhouse recovered in some degree the industrial activity which had characterized the palmy days of its independence; but it was not until the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars that it actually entered upon the path which finally led to its remarkable prosperity. Success, however, was only achieved after a sustained and resolute struggle with the natural disadvantages of its position. Situated almost at the point of contact of France, Germany, and Switzerland, Mulhouse was continually flooded with emigrants from the last two countries, whose numbers kept down the price of labour while they augmented the cost of the necessaries of life. No sooner, therefore, had these comparatively unskilled workmen acquired some knowledge of their craft than they moved on to other towns, where their services would be more adequately remunerated. Unprovided with water communication, far removed from the sea, and compelled to pay dearly for both coal and cotton, the millowners of Mulhouse and the neighbouring towns were too heavily handicapped to be able to pay a good wage to secure good labour. The condition of the working classes became at last so bad that it amounted to both a scandal and a danger, and accordingly in 1835 the Academy of Moral and Political Science commissioned Dr. Villermé to report upon

the state of the cotton operatives, especially in Alsace. At that time the population of Mulhouse was estimated at 28,000, of whom no fewer than 13,000 were "birds of passage" taking breath for a further flight to more propitious fields of labour. Of this mixed multitude 17,000 belonged to the industrial class, and one-third of this number were constrained by exorbitant rents to seek lodgings in the surrounding villages, in some instances at a distance of six miles. A day's work then lasted from five in the morning to eight at night, whether in winter or summer; so that thousands of poor creatures had often to tramp to and fro in the dark along muddy roads and through rain and snow. These suburban lodgers were usually those who earned the least, and many of them were ill-clad women and children in rags. To escape the fatigue of these long journeys, the operatives would crowd together in some city garret or cellar, two families being often huddled together in a mere den, with a thin layer of straw for a bed. The rent of a room ten feet square, or thereabouts, was from eight to nine francs a month, and few artisans occupied more than one room. It is, therefore, not very surprising that the mortality among the children, ill fed, worse clad, and wholly neglected, was so appalling that not one-half attained the age of two years. Except on pay day, and perchance on the morrow, neither meat nor wine was ever tasted, the ordinary fare consisting of potatoes, bread, and watered milk. Wages were paid once a fortnight, and barely sufficed to keep soul and body together.

While deploring the condition of their workpeople, the manufacturers were sorely puzzled to devise means for its amelioration. There was the danger that a mere rise of wages would induce greater drunkenness and immorality, for all idea of decency and self-respect had departed from these animated machines. Large sums of money were annually dispensed in charity, with the effect of aggravating the work of demoralization. It was felt that the first thing to be done for these unfortunate beings was to create in them a love of order, sobriety, and cleanliness. To wean the artisan from his habit of frequenting the public-house and wasting money on cards and unwholesome drink, it was judged necessary to place within his reach the comforts of a home. The huge barrack-like buildings erected in Paris, and more recently introduced into London, were rejected as entirely op-

posed to a working man's habits and prejudices. Ground rent being still within moderate limits, it was resolved at a meeting of the manufacturers of Mulhouse to construct a certain number of dwelling-houses, measuring about 18 ft. each way within the walls, and containing two rooms and a kitchen on the ground floor, with two bedrooms and a lumber-room on the second floor, and an open attic over this. There was to be a cellar and a lumber-room beneath the ground floor, with a court-yard and a garden to each house. The rent was not to exceed 11 f. per month, or very little more than what was then commonly asked for a good-sized room within an easy distance of the factories. This would doubtless have been a great boon to artisans with families, but it was not comparable to the bold and benevolent experiment attempted by Mr. Dollfus, senior.

This gentleman—a manufacturer belonging to the town—formed a company under the style and title of “*La Société Mulhousienne des Cités Ouvrières*,” with a capital of £12,000, divided into sixty shares of £200 each—himself subscribing for thirty-five. The Government doubled the capital, which was perhaps to be regretted, though it enabled the company to dispose of their first batch of houses on somewhat lower terms than they were afterwards obliged to demand. Operations commenced in the latter end of July, 1853, and within twelve months one hundred houses were completed, on three different models, varying in price from £74 to £116 each. The first “*cité ouvrière*” occupies a space of about twenty acres. The principal streets, 25 ft. in width between the footpaths, which are each nearly 5 ft. wide, are intersected at right angles by the secondary streets with roadways 16 ft. in breadth and footpaths similar to the others. Both roads and side-paths are macadamized, while the gutters are paved and frequently flushed with water. They are also lighted with gas at the expense of the town, and planted on each side with lime-trees, while a sewer of masonry work runs below, and is connected with each tenement. With the exception of six in the middle of the *cité*, reserved for public offices, the houses have only one story, and seem to nestle in the midst of gay gardens and leafy trees. The arrangements are fourfold. Some are semi-detached, standing back to back, with a garden in front. Others are isolated, with a court-yard on one side and a gar-

den on the other. Thirdly, come small blocks of four houses, two facing one way, two the other, and separated by a wall in the form of a cross, with a garden along the frontage and the two sides. Each house occupies a little more than forty square yards, and the garden covers an area of thrice that extent. This is the kind most in request. To the fourth category belong houses with simply a ground floor and no upper story, somewhat longer and wider than the others, but at the expense of their gardens; these also are ranged in groups of four. It is needless to add that, besides flowering plants, fruits and vegetables are cultivated to considerable profit.

The success of the first year's operations encouraged the Association to issue eleven additional shares at £200 each, raising the total capital to £14,200 or, including the State subvention, to £26,200. Supplementing this fund by loans at 5 and subsequently at 4 1-2 per cent., the Association gradually invested the not inconsiderable sum of £80,000 in artisans' dwellings, of which 692 were completed in ten years, besides public baths, wash-houses, a bakery, a general store, and a restaurant. Of these houses 614 were already transferred to working-men proprietors, 171 being free from all encumbrance, and a still larger number being very slightly burdened. The purchase is assumed to be effected on the payment of £12 or £14 down, according to the size of the house, the balance being liquidated by easy payments extending over fourteen or fifteen years. In the event of the purchaser being unable or unwilling to fulfil his contract, the sum paid down in advance is returned to him with interest and also the difference between a fair rental and the somewhat larger payments he has made with a view to ultimate proprietorship. Strange to say, although 49 houses were sold during the first twelve months, the demand next year fell off to 18, and in the year after that to only 5. The operatives, unable to comprehend a disinterested benevolence, began to talk the matter over among themselves, and came to the conclusion that there must be a trap laid for them somewhere, and that it was certainly not for the sake of the 4 per cent. per annum that their employers were taking upon themselves so much risk and trouble. In the fourth year, however, as no visible harm had befallen their adventurous comrades who had become house proprietors, the working men shook off

their suspicions, and 53 houses were disposed of, while 109 were claimed in the ensuing year. From that moment the demand continued in advance of the supply, even where, as at Guebwiller, each house costs from £144 to £180.

Of the various establishments provided by the Mulhouse Association for the common use of the dwellers in the cités, two at least met with slender support. In order to provide the working men with wholesome bread at a lower price than that which the bakers found it necessary to charge, a public bakery was built, and an active woman placed in charge of a supply of 900 loaves per diem. Cash payments, however, being obligatory, the actual sale seldom exceeded 60 or 70 loaves, supplemented by a small quantity of groceries. For a similar reason the general store, containing plain furniture, kitchen utensils, ready-made clothes, firewood, &c. &c., was seldom opened, though the articles were all good of their kind and offered at wholesale prices. The restaurant proved more successful, being opened to the whole town, with liberty to purchase articles of food to be consumed off the premises. A meal consisting, say, of a plate of soup, a portion of bouilli or vegetables, three to four ounces of veal, and nearly half a pint of wine, cost only fourpence halfpenny; or rather that was the price previous to the annexation of Alsace to Germany. The baths and wash-houses have been eminently prosperous, the charge for a bath being three halfpence, while for one halfpenny may be enjoyed for two hours the use of wash-house, mangle, drying-room, &c. At Cornach, Guebwiller, Colmar, Beaucourt, and Wesseling institutions exist similar to those at Mulhouse, partly copied, partly improved. The moral effect has everywhere been most remarkable. Drunkenness, brawling, idleness, and discontent have given place to sobriety, order, industry, and self-respect. While wages are considerably lower in Alsace than at Lisle, Lyons, or Rouen, the condition of the working classes appears to be superior in every respect. Some allowance, perhaps, must be made for the calmer and more persevering temperament of the Teutonic race; but it may be fairly assumed that noteworthy advantages would attend the development of similar institutions even in the most Gallic departments of France — *à fortiori* in our own country.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

JOURNAL DE A. M. AMPERE.

THE "Journal et Correspondance de André-Marie Ampère" * is one of those books which, perhaps, it is half profane to publish, but which, once published, become to every sympathetic reader not books but incidents and persons he has known as part of his own recollections. It is of the *genre* of the "Recit d'une Sœur," and probably but for the extraordinary success of that work, would never have seen the light; but it is much shorter, more reticent and modest in its revelations, and has much more dramatic unity in its brief and complete record of one episode in a great and worthy life. The eminent mathematician and philosopher does not appear to us as does the woman whose pure and simple career we have just discussed, in the course of his training, or the development of his genius. We see incidentally how he struggled up to the first step in the ladder of reputation, but this struggle is so entirely subordinate to a dearer object that it interests us in a secondary degree; for Ampère worked not in the first place for knowledge, like Mary Somerville, nor for fame and advancement, like many another — but for Julie; his wife, and his child, and the means of supporting them, and enjoying their tender society, were his inspirations. To make sure of a little home in Lyons, where he could give his lessons, and study the *chimie*, which ruined *ses pantalons* and burnt holes in his waistcoats, to Julie's despair — with her by his side and their boy — was the motive which pushed him to ever greater and greater efforts, which impelled his brain to ceaseless work, and kept his hands black (also to Julie's despair) with burns and staining acids. Let us allow that to pursue science for the love of science is perhaps a nobler motive. The men who go furthest in all sublime paths of learning are perhaps — though we do not affirm it — men who have no Julie. When Andrea del Sarto, musing in Mr. Browning's beautiful poem upon the higher elevation of Rafael and Agnolo, reflects, "but then they had no wife," it is like enough that the excuse for his own shortcoming was valid. But here again a compensating human sentiment comes in. The love of art or of science is grand but cold, and not comprehensible to all of us; but the love of the little home, the

* Journal et Correspondance de André-Marie Ampère. Hetzler & Cie., Paris.

dependent family, the child, the woman, how deeply comprehensible they are! Therefore the struggle of André Ampère will go to many a heart which has little sympathy with science — and it is, though an episode in the history of science, in itself pure poetry, the oldest and most everlasting of all arts. It forms but one chapter in a long life — such an episode as a man might half forget, looking back to it in the long blank of years after, seeing himself as in a dream, and wondering if it could ever have been true; or might keep in his heart and memory, hidden far from common sight, unknown to others, yet his most dear and precious possession. We do not know in which of these ways the celebrated Ampère, in the long ages after, when he had won everything that fame had to give, remembered the wife of his youth: but in the days before he was great, in the beginning of his career, his heart was so full of her that there was room for little else; and this is the story of that brief but agitated time.

The lady who has arranged the letters, linking them together with a thread of remark and description not always in good taste, and seldom necessary, prefaces the collection with an extract from Saint-Beuve's "portrait" of Ampère, in which the great critic describes how, searching among his hero's papers, "blasonnées de figures algébriques," for materials for his work, he found a page of paper yellow with time, and more than usually scratched with mathematical symbols, on which the young man had evidently begun to scribble some record of his youthful feelings — describing how his studies and books had become so distasteful to him all at once, and his heart had demanded something more than science or literature. "One day, walking at sunset along the bank of a solitary stream," the MS. goes on — then ends abruptly, leaving no further information. "What did he see on the banks of this stream?" says Sainte-Beuve. "Another folio full of memorials leaves us in no doubt on this subject, and, under the title *Amorum*, carries on day by day the entire history of his feelings, of his love and marriage, up to the death of the object of his affections. Who could believe it? or rather, when one thinks a little, why should it not have been so? The philosopher whom we have seen full of thoughts and wrinkles, and who appeared to have lived only in the world of figures, was in his day a vigorous youth; he loved and was loved again; but all

this has passed with the years, has been covered up and forgotten: perhaps it would have astonished himself even, had he found, in searching for some geometrical paper, this journal of his heart, this book of *Amorum*, long buried and forgotten."

Not long ago it was our fate to have in our hands the journal of another illustrious Frenchman, a brilliant and caustic spirit, showing little trace of the tender sentimentality of youth, in his conversation and social aspect at least. One of the little volumes had a heading, "write large," to every page, often underlined in red ink to make it more emphatic. This heading was "BONHEUR." It contained the narrative of his wedding tour. We leave the reader to guess what were the feelings of the wife to whom this volume, with its eloquent and often-repeated heading, came as an inheritance thirty years or more after, when the writer was dead. But poor Ampère's *Amorum* was no poetical preface to a long and happy existence. It forms but a short episode, dramatically perfect and complete, embracing about five years only of a prolonged life.

André-Marie Ampère was the son of a respectable mercant in Lyons who was guillotined under the Revolution. The boy had already shown signs of the ability afterwards so fully proved and acknowledged: "Quant à mon fils, il n'y a rien que je n'attende de lui," his father wrote in a fine and touching letter of farewell addressed to his family a few hours before his execution. Close to Polémieux, the little property which belonged to the Widow Ampère, was the village of Saint-Germain-au-Mont-d'or, where, in a simple little country house, lived, during the summer, a family called Carron, *bourgeois* like the other. The second daughter, Julie, was a golden-haired girl with blue eyes, in which André read "the serenity of an angelic soul." The young man himself lived in Lyons, giving lessons and studying with all his heart. "In winter he rose long before day, at four o'clock, and leaving his room, climbed up the long stairs to a house on the fifth story in the Place du Cordeliers, to join a group of comrades eager like himself to read and know." Every Saturday he took his way to Polémieux, after the wont of many a laborious lad, to spend Sunday at home. It is to be supposed that the pleasant country road led him through Saint-Germain, where stood the little campagne — homely white house

with its garden — where Julie folded up the linen which had been hung out to dry, and gathered strawberries, and filled the boy-student's soul with dreams. Here is the beginning of the *Amorum* — the story of this pure and gentle love: —

AMORUM.

1796.

Sunday, 10th April. — I saw her for the first time.

Saturday, 10th August. — I went to her house, when they lent me the "Novelli Morali di Soavi."

Saturday, 3d September. — I took back the "Novelli;" they gave me my choice in their library. I took "Madame Deshoulières." I was alone with her for a minute.

Sunday, 4th September. — I walked home with the two sisters after mass. I took back the first volume of Bernardin. She told me that she would be alone; her mother and sister were to leave on Wednesday.

Friday, 9th September. — I went, but found only Elise (poor boy!)

Thus the journal goes on. On Saturday the 17th September he "begins to open my heart." On the following Monday he completes his declaration, bringing back "feeble hopes, and an order not to go back before the return of her mother." After this, several occasions occur in which he met her "without daring to speak to her." Sometimes Julie is unkind, and bids him come not so often. "Elle me rembourra bien" is another complaint. But, nevertheless, progress is made. There are few protestations, which were unnecessary in Ampère's brief memoranda, and none of the sentimental *épanchements du cœur* which make us half despise Madame Craven's too eloquent hero. There is, however, nothing but *her*. "I ate a cherry which she had dropped: I kissed a rose which she had touched," the lad says in the following June. "When we were walking, I twice gave her my hand to cross a stile. Her mother made a place for me on the bench between her and Julie. As we returned, I said to her that I had scarcely ever passed so happy a day, but that it was not the sight of nature that had most charmed me. She talked to me with grace and kindness." Another time "she deigned to hold a long conversation" with the happy youth. It was not, however, till three years after their first meeting that the shy Julie and her careful parents allowed themselves to be persuaded to accord her to her eager lover. He was only twenty-three or twenty-four, so that there was not much time

lost after all. The young couple began their married life humbly in the Rue Mercier in Lyons, with, however, the kindly refuge of the two village houses behind them, especially that of Julie's mother, now a widow. They were poor, but they were happy. André's pupils, however, did not afford a sure maintenance for the little family when increased by the child who was in his turn to make himself well known to the world — the antiquarian-historian, Jean Jacques Ampère; and André decided to accept an appointment in Bourg, twelve leagues off (they talk of this as if it had been thousands of miles away), where his income was fixed at the modest sum of two thousand and six francs — about eighty pounds — which he did his best to increase by means of private pupils, hoping always to bring himself into notice, and to obtain a post in the Lycée which was to be established at Lyons. Julie, whose health never seems to have been re-established after the birth of her child, was not allowed by her doctor to accompany her husband; and for the two years following André lived in a state of exile from all he loved best, making hurried visits in the holidays to his wife and child; living the most laborious and frugal life away from them, and thinking of them night and day. All his efforts, all his labours and hopes, are directed to the one point of getting this much-longed-for appointment in Lyons, which would restore him to Julie and her family, and his own. Our space will permit us to quote only a few of the ceaseless letters which the young mathematician, in the intervals of his perpetual lessons, calculations, and chemical experiments, found opportunity to write to his poor young wife, sick and ailing, but always hopeful, in the gloomy little house in the Rue Mercier. Here is one which shows the young *savant* in the middle of his work: —

Seven years ago I proposed to myself a problem of my own invention which I could not solve by direct means, but to which by chance I found a solution which I saw was right without being able to demonstrate it. This has often returned to my mind, and twenty times have I sought, without finding, the direct solution of my problem. A few days since my idea took once more possession of me, and at last, I know not how, I have succeeded in grasping it, along with a theory of curious and novel ideas upon the theory of probabilities. As I believe that there are few mathematicians in France who will solve this problem in a shorter time, I do not doubt that its publication in a pamphlet of twenty pages

would be a good way of attaining to a mathematical chair. I will finish the day after tomorrow this little essay of pure algebra, in which there is no need of figures; but will keep it to revise and correct it until next week, when I will send it to you by Pochon, with the checked waistcoat, the woollen stockings, and the six louis of which I have spoken. As soon as the MS. arrives at Lyons it must be printed. . . . The six louis for this month and the seven for next must be used for this, and I shall be certain of the place at Lyons. Perhaps we may sell some copies, but first of all I think many must be given to the learned in Paris.

I trouble you with my commissions, but it will not last long. The future offers us a happy perspective; health for you, a good place at Lyons, our delightful child, and the still sweeter thought that you love me always.

Here is another, in which the love comes uppermost, the young philosopher having *ses vacances*, and giving himself up entirely to thoughts of Julie:—

Bourg, Wednesday,
Eleven o'clock morning.

How I sigh for the moment which shall bring us together again! Oh, when, when will the holidays come!

Four o'clock.

This exclamation had just come from my lips when I was seized with a sudden fancy which you will think odd. I made up my mind to go back with your packet of letters to the field behind the hospital, where I had gone to read them before my journey to Lyons with so much pleasure. I meant to renew there the gentle recollections of which I made provision before, and I have gathered sweeter still for another time. How sweet your letters are! One must have a mind like yours to write things which go thus to the heart, without design or study. I remained till two o'clock seated under a tree, with a meadow at my right hand, the river to the left and in front of me, the buildings of the hospital behind. You may suppose that I had taken the precaution before thus indulging myself to leave word at Madame Beauregard's that I should not dine there to-day. She supposes I have gone out to dinner; but as I had breakfasted well, I was all the better for having no dinner but love. At two I felt so calm and easy in mind, in place of the weariness that oppressed me this morning, that I took the fancy of walking and botanizing. . . . I write all sorts of nonsense to you, to give you an idea of the state of my mind. It is certain that my long walk, these dear recollections, the success of my experiments and of my lessons, have singularly tranquillized the mind which was so much excited eight days ago.

Here is a list of my daily occupations [he writes at a later period]. M. Clere works with me from six o'clock in the morning till ten; Gripier from half-past eleven to one. In

the afternoon, from three to four, I give my lessons in physics; the rest of my time is passed in thinking of Julie, and of the works I am meditating. During the weekly holiday (or more exactly, for these were the days of the Revolution, *la vacance du d^ecadi*) M. Clere makes experiments in chemistry along with me. Yesterday I did not sup till ten, when I was thoroughly wearied with the exertion and broken in spirit, having broken my materials in the mortar, carried coals, and blown the fire for twelve or thirteen hours, but happy to have sometimes succeeded. Ah, if all this would but bring me to the Lycée I should be satisfied, and should no longer fear the necessity of living long separate from Julie, unable to supply her with things necessary for her, so often deprived as she has been of a thousand indispensable matters. . . . I have made an arrangement with Perrin, by which, counting from to-day, she will furnish me with breakfast daily for three francs a-month (!) Dear Julie, consult whatever doctor you like, but in no case neglect your health. Ah, if I only knew how to cure you by returning to Lyons! for that I would give up the Ecole Centrale and everything else. . . . At Easter, my darling, at Easter, I shall have some days of happiness at least!

The answers sent by the young wife to these letters are more graceful and sprightly in style, and not less tender and simple. She pities her *pauvre ami*, who has nothing but physics and chemistry to console him. "You go on making those villanous drugs," she cries, half smiling, half in dismay; "and your poor book is no nearer finished than ever." She is anxious and troubled about his "cloth trousers," which she bids him send her, lest the rats should eat them; and tells him to take care of his waistcoats and breeches, and to wear the coarse aprons with strings which she sends him. Many and often repeated are her counsels about his personal appearance. "I beg of you not to unrip the lining of your sleeves," she says; "take care to have your cravats clean, to be *bien chaussé*; take care of your trousers, your waistcoats, your stockings." After a little quarrel he has had with his landlady on going to dinner with hands stained black with some acid, she addresses him with mingled vexation and sympathy. "I approve your leaving Madame Beauregard after her politeness," she says; "but I wish this would make you a little more careful of your person, for many may think within themselves what she has the rudeness to say. If you pay any visits, do try to have the aspect of a respectable man, to please your poor wife, who has not too many pleasures." Nor does Julie confine her-

self to such small matters. She gives him counsel about the management of his affairs, in which the philosopher is not very clear; and arranges, weak and suffering as she is, about his printing, and the distribution and correction of his pamphlet. But her health keeps her from him, and keeps him in a perpetual anxiety, which she thus endeavours to calm down:—

Mon pauvre ami, it is not the first time that you have made me smile, bidding me promise you to be ill no more. Ah, health is so precious that if I possessed wealth I would sacrifice it all to obtain that blessing. But we must submit, hope in the future, and have patience. Have patience, also, mon fils, and do not stupefy yourself with this as you do with your calculations; for how to be cured is not a problem which can be solved, and it is vain to attempt it if the Master of our being wills that it should be otherwise. We must learn to bear these evils, and do what we can not to think too much of them. How willingly [she adds later] would I spend your money that you might have a wife like others who could enjoy with you and our little one so many little pleasures which had health poisons! Oh yes, it is sad indeed to be always an object of anxiety to one's own people—to you, mon pauvre ami, who see me suffering, weary, sometimes unjust. God wills it so—we must submit. I should have been too happy had He left me my strength. A good husband, a delightful child, the best of mothers, loved and cherished by all my family, would not this have been too much happiness? I feel it, for, notwithstanding my condition, I am more attached to life than ever: it is because I love you more, and my child also, and I am sure that both of you have need of me to be happy. But let us change the subject, for this overcomes me; you will feel, like me, your heart bleed as you read.

Poor Julie! poor young husband!—the pamphlet, with its unique calculation (*considérations sur la théorie mathématique du feu*), the anxious efforts of every kind, brilliant lectures, successful experiments, problems solved, succeeded to the height of his hopes. In the spring of 1803 he had at last certainty of his appointment at the newly-formed Lycée of Lyons. On the 17th April he came home *pour ne plus quitter Julie*—pathetic words! for Julie was on the eve of leaving him, and forever. On the 5th July he gave, poor soul, his first lesson in Lyons; but the day which should have been the climax of happiness to him calls forth not a word of pleasure. He went to his much-desired tribune from the death-bed of his wife. On the 13th of July, after a pitiful record of medicines adminis-

tered and changed, which is all his journal has come to, there ensues a sudden deadly lull. “*Multa flagella peccatoris sperantam autem in Domino misericordia circumdabit,*” he cries twice over out of the depths. “Wilt Thou take from me all happiness on this earth? Thou hast it in Thy hands, O my God, I hope in Thee, O my God, I submit to Thy sentence, whatever it may be; but I should have preferred to die. O Lord God of mercy, reunite me in heaven to her whom Thou hast permitted me to love on earth.”

Julie was dead.

After this the hapless life pauses, comes to a dead stop, as lives do when struck with those blows which slay only the heart, not the body. He strayed away from the Lycée which he had longed and prayed for, but which was now a misery to him, and after a while got to Paris, to fame, to a reputation more than national, and a place among the first rank of French philosophers. But the chapter of *Amorum* was closed forever. In after-years the passion of paternal love, which belongs so specially to the French character, made him happy in his absolute devotion to his son; but that one brief, almost momentary, episode of a passion more absorbing still, got buried in silence and obscurity, until the time came when poor André Ampère died, one of the most distinguished of *savants*, and the hand of genius stirred those ashes to make a record of his life. Strange power of human words! With the old letters out of the silken portfolio which Julie worked for him, this whole little circle reappears as living as if in France letters were still dated in Germinal and Messidor—not Ampère and Julie only, but the two mothers, the sisters, the old servants, and all that homely life over which their refined and graceful tongue throws a charm and elegance which does not always appear in translation or in reality. Besides the melancholy beauty of the story, it is a revelation of apparently cultivated intelligence and elevated feeling such as we scarcely expect to find in a poor *bourgeois* family in the height of the Revolution. These rural women write in French to which the Academy could take small exception. They play at graceful society games of *bouts rimés*, such as solace the highest circles. They read comedies, tragedies—“*Lettres Provinciales*,” the “*Nuits de Young*,” and much beside—yet are merely poor middle-class people, noways

distinguished from others, so far as can be perceived. This glimpse into the un-revealed depths of society in such an age is of as much interest historically, as is this charming, gentle, and real romance for the illustration of human life.

From The Academy.

TWINKLING OF THE STARS.

THE subject of the twinkling of stars has engaged a good deal of attention of late years, and some interesting results have been obtained. A few years ago, the Italian astronomer, Respighi, announced the discovery of the cause of scintillation in certain dark bands which were seen to traverse the spectrum of a star, indicating changes in the refrangibility of our atmosphere, from hot and cold strata, which produce something of the effect of a passing mirage. A layer of hot air would bend the rays less than the colder and denser air around, and thus the star's light would not reach the observer, rays which traversed the hot stratum passing over his head, and those which traversed the cold air below being bent so as to fall beneath his feet. As the rays of different colours are differently bent in their passage through the air (the red rays being the least refracted), different parts of a star's spectrum would be thus cut off in succession, as the relative temperatures of the layers of air varied. Arago's not very lucid explanation of the phenomena, as a result of the interference of light, is in this way completely disposed of.

M. Montigny, of Brussels, has been investigating the amount of scintillation in different stars by the help of an ingenious contrivance, to which he gives the name of scintillometer. His plan is to make use of the persistence of impressions on the retina, by causing a thick plate of glass, mounted obliquely on an axis parallel to that of the telescope used, and fixed just in front of the eye-piece, to rotate rapidly; the effect of this is to displace the star's image, so that, owing to the varying inclination of the glass plate, the star appears to move in a circle, which, if the rotation is rapid enough (three or four times in a second), forms a continuous circle of light, just as in the case of a burning stick whirled rapidly. The changes in the colour of a star will be seen on this circle, the successive points of which give the appearance of

the object at successive small fractions of a second; and in this way, by counting the alternations of colour in the circumference of this circle of light, M. Montigny has succeeded in observing nearly two hundred alternations of colour in a second of time.

The point sought to be established was the connection between these changes and the constitution of the stellar light, for it is easy to see that rays which are deficient cannot be acted on by undulations of the atmosphere, and that there will therefore be fewer changes of colour the more dark bands there are in a star's spectrum. Now Secchi has divided the stars of which he has examined the spectra into four types, and M. Montigny has observed the scintillations of stars belonging to three of these types: viz., bluish white stars exhibiting four black lines in their spectrum; yellow stars, like our sun, showing numerous fine dark lines; and orange stars, which have a spectrum somewhat resembling a colonnade. As far as the results obtained by M. Montigny go, it seems that the greatest amount of twinkling is to be found in the first type (white stars), and the least in the third type (orange stars), and that the mere brightness of the star has no influence on the phenomena. But the principle of combining observations of different nights without any further correction, on which M. Montigny has acted, is highly objectionable, and destroys our confidence in his conclusions. The proper way of treating such measures is to arrange the stars in sequences representing the order of scintillation, just as Sir John Herschel formed sequences of brightness as a basis for his standard magnitudes of stars.

RITUALISM.

It is difficult for a thoughtful and considerate person to speak positively on this subject, because in all that relates to common forms, so much depends upon taste and feeling, and taste and feeling, again, are so powerfully influenced by custom. We are familiar enough with different extremes of practice, with regard to the forms of religious worship. You may represent to yourselves, on the one hand, a building like a barn, with its inside walls bare and cold, marked in every part, and not least where the Christian altar stands, by signs of indifference

and neglect; the worshippers and perhaps the minister using hardly any forms of religious gesture, but behaving with nearly as much freedom as if they were outside the building. This you may describe as the Presbyterian or the Puritan usage. You may represent to yourselves a very different scene; a beautiful ecclesiastical building, with the dyes of its storied windows casting a dim religious light, rich with solemn ornament, each part reverently cared for, but especially the sanctuary and the altar, the forms and the attitudes and the tones of worship all studied for imaginative effect,—a scene striking you as something so different from the common outside world, a sheltering refuge for faith and devotion. This you may call the Catholic usage. Yet every one knows that the feeling towards religious forms is profoundly affected by habit, and that there may be more of devotion and reverence in some Presbyterian than in some Roman Catholic worshipper, in a Presbyterian than in a Roman Catholic congregation; nay, that the very action of the service may in particular cases not improbably touch and move the Presbyterian more than the Roman Catholic. Forms which are perfectly familiar to us, we take as they come, and are not greatly affected by them. The way in which a service may impress any one to whom it is new and strange, is no measure of its influence upon those who are accustomed to it. . . . The introduction of more taste and art and care into our ritual has in some degree carried the whole population along with it. It belongs in part to a movement which is general as well as religious,

and affects common life no less than Churches. There is ritualism among Dissenters as well as in the Church. Probably most persons of middle-age are conscious of having moved with the stream, and many can remember that they once felt a repugnance to things which now almost every one prefers. It is not creditable that there should be unreasonable panic and misjudgment about attempted improvements of the externals of worship. But I venture to plead two justifying considerations in excuse of the instinct of resistance to such attempts. First, I think it is reasonable to deprecate *excessive* or *abrupt* change, in our traditional ways of worship. Feelings of reverence grow up entwined with arrangements or customs which may not be in themselves the best. And the real want of reverence is in those who treat with levity or roughness religious habits which have been the inheritance of any generation. Whilst it is not to be desired that ritual forms should be stereotyped, the change of them ought not only to be manifestly for the better, but it ought also to be made as smoothly and gently as possible. Secondly, I am convinced that it is well to be watchful against making too much of the *senses* in religion. We are always in danger of falling away from spirituality. A sensuous worship, appealing in however refined a way to eye and ear and artistic feeling, may be a subtle snare; and the danger of it is much increased, if there is a deliberate attempt to muzzle and chain up the understanding, in the interest of sentiment and of the imagination.

Llewelyn Davies, on Superstition.

WE know not whether our readers may not feel more regret than satisfaction on learning that the charming region of the Bernese Oberland is to be levelled and tunnelled in every direction to make way for a network of railways, which, thanks to the success of the Rigi line, are now to penetrate to the ledge of every waterfall, ice grotto, and glacier. At Grindelwald a central station is to be brought within the precincts of the Schwarzer Adler, close enough to the glacier, we hear, for the smoke and steam to blacken and melt its icy waves. The guides to Lauterbrunnen and the Wengern-Alp will soon be an extinct race. Tourists will no longer have to hire horses and mules to convey them along paths, where, as they soon learned by experience, their own

feet generally had to carry them the greater part of the way. All that is past. A railway will soon enable the flying tourist to pass through the Ober-Bernland in a day, and to look down from a first-class carriage on the panorama seen from the Scheidegg, which is to be the culminating point of the lines.

Academy.

UNAMIABLENESS. — It is hard to say so, but stern propriety, rigid temperance, and the practice of early rising and the shower-bath, are among the grand supporters of human pride and the conspicuous causes of human unamiableness. By sternness no good is effected.